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AGRICULTURE.

ADVANCES IN AGRICULTURAL KNOWLEDGE.—NO. 3.

We sometimes get a useful hint from men whose knowledge of *farming* is theoretical only. At the same time they tell so many untrue tales that they lead practical men astray. They often tell us how much the study of chemistry is to aid farmers; and many of them seem to think our most valuable knowledge is obtained from people who do nothing but theorize.

We have had chemists at our Farmers' Meetings who came to let us know that lime was all important in our agriculture. That lime is the only article wanting to render our lands as fertile and as fit for wheat as any new lands of the West. They have persuaded many to make large expenditures for lime to enrich our soils, and particularly to aid in the fermentation of manures and vegetable matter.

For nearly ten years we have labored to caution farmers not to be led astray by false doctrines. We have shown them that lime is not a manure and does not of itself enrich any soil whatever. That its principal use in any soil is to correct the deleterious acids contained therein. And that instead of its promoting the decomposition of vegetable matter it tends directly to the contrary;—flesh and manures of all kinds being preserved much longer in slaked lime than in sand or clay. Chemists call us the Anti-lime man, but they have not yet shown to the satisfaction of many farmers that our notions in this regard are wrong. None adduce any conclusive facts to expose our errors on this subject.

Still we hope to be aided by theoretical writers. We would not discourage them—we only protest against their leading farmers astray by false theories. Modern writers would appear to better advantage if they would make themselves acquainted with the actual state of Husbandry before recommending new and expensive improvements. Some tell us, for a new tale, that the contents of vaults are valuable on the farm. Others that the frequent stirring of the surface of the earth tends to keep the soil moist.

A very good address was delivered to the Middlesex Society in October last. Yet some of the statements there would not have been made if the Orator had been at all familiar with the Agricultural Papers issued here within the ten last years. He had read English works, and professed to be surprised that none of them had noticed the advantages of stirring the surface in a dry time. He said Mr. John Lowell had [illegible] occurred at Brighton, and this was all he had seen written on this subject. Some of the readers of the Ploughman smiled, and wondered if the orator knew that any Agricultural papers are now published in New England.

Farmers are trying experiments to satisfy themselves. Most of them know that experience is the only thing to be relied on for improvement in farming. Scientific farming is often spoken of and admired by ignorant people. Science is knowledge, and *scientific* farming is nothing more nor less than *intelligent* farming. The man who really knows most on the subject may be expected to make the most progress—he must have industry as well as capital, or he cannot expect to succeed.

Farmers read vastly more on the subject of farming than they have ever done. The prejudices against written agriculture are fading away as fast as farmers of practical knowledge are coming forward and giving the results of their own experience. They hold meetings and reason together on various matters relating to their business, and none can fail to improve by intercourse and free converse on any branch of farming.

CARE OF TREES TRANSPLANTED.

Take care that the mice shall not destroy the young trees that you have set this year. The old hay and litter that you placed around the trunks last spring should not be suffered to lie there through the winter. If it has not become rotten let it be hauled away, that mice may not be enticed by it to make their nests close to the trunks.

Mice do great mischief among young apple trees. Cats enough should be kept by every farmer to clear the barns, the house and orchards of mice. Maltese cats are best. But if you have neglected to keep good cats, take care to pile up earth about the trunks in addition to removing the straw. It is a good practice to beat down the first snows that come, close to the trunks. Mice are apt to make nests under the early snows, and if they are routed early from these burrows they seldom return to them in case the snow is beaten down hard. After they have sought other quarters they seldom do any injury to the bark.

Trees that were set in October should be hoisted up by earth through the winter. This is better than a support by stakes, as it does not gall the trees, does not permit water to stand around them, and is pretty sure to keep the mice away.

CORRESPONDENCE.

[For the Ploughman.]

BOMMER'S PATENT.

MR. EDITOR,—Knowing you are in the habit of giving your opinions to the readers of your valuable paper, permit me to ask a question. Recently an Agent for the Bommer Manure has been in this place selling rights to a few individuals to make said Manure; his practice is to sell rights to twenty five individuals for four dollars, a right amounting to one hundred dollars, and for them to sell to others in said town. Now do you know anything about it? Should you recommend any one to buy the Right? Is it a humbug? If it is half true what is said about it, it must be valuable, and important for farmers to know it. Can you inform me how to convert a hay-stack, (of such a quality that cattle will not eat) into good Manure, and how long time will it take to do it? What must be used to ferment, decompose, that it may become putrid, better fit for use? Can it be done in the Spring to be used for Planting? which the Agents of the Bommer say can be done. We know that the rain and sun will do it in the course of the season. When you have leisure from the cares of business, shall be much obliged to have you give, through the columns of the Ploughman, your ideas on the subject.

GEORGE F. HOLBROOK.

East Medway, Nov. 6, 1848.

☞ We have been often applied to for our opinion in regard to the Bommer method of *rotting* manure. *Rotting* the materials gathered by the farmer is all that the Bommer agent promises to do. He does not profess to increase the farmer's materials, but to hasten their decomposition.

Agents are about in all parts of the country trying to sell patent rights for preparing manure for the soil. The first question regards the value of the plan which is stated to be secured by patent. If the plan is of little or no importance we need to inquire no farther. It is of no consequence whether or not a patent has been obtained.

And our own opinion is that nothing important in this respect has been discovered by Mr. Bommer. He proposes to make a liquid by mixing certain ingredients in water which will penetrate a compost heap and convert it to manure fit for use in a very short time. His ingredients, as one of the sellers of the right recently told us, are a little potash, a little lime, &c. &c., and the whole appeared as much like a quack medicine as any one could desire. We asked the agent why he put lime into his liquor? His answer was that lime aided to rot the heap, or to hasten the decomposition of the vegetable matter.

We told the agent he was under a mistake; that lime dissolved in water does not hasten the rotting of any kind of vegetable matter; that lime is a good article to place around fence posts to preserve them and prevent rotting; that any farmer who had ever tried it could tell him that lime *preserves* instead of decomposing articles with which it comes in contact.

Ashes, or potash water, operates differently, and each is always good in a compost heap. But ashes and lie are not to be obtained in great quantities without too much cost to the farmer. We all know that ashes are a good manure for most kinds of land. But most farmers would be loath to buy potash at the current prices to hasten the rotting of manure.

For our part we have never been much troubled about the rotting of manure heaps. Throw them up light and they generate heat fast enough. Our trouble is to procure the raw materials for making the compost heaps. And these Mr. Bommer's agents never furnish.

But there is another inquiry. Has Bommer obtained any patent answering the description of the agent? We have seen in a number of Agricultural papers that no such patent had been obtained. Mr. Ellsworth, of Washington—formerly Commissioner of Patents—came out under his own hand, and said Bommer had never obtained any such patent in the United States!

We recently reminded this same agent of this fact; and his reply was that if no patent had been obtained it had since been done, and he offered to produce his papers. Now whether he has a certificate of a Patent, or patent papers, we think it of very little consequence. It seems however to be admitted that when patent rights were first in the market here, half a dozen years ago, *no patent right* had been obtained at Washington!

As to any patent that has since been obtained we cannot think it of value. We have much reason to think that the whole is an imposition. We know farmers who now say they have been imposed upon by paying money for this pretended patent. The Representative to our legislature from the town of Conway told us two or three years ago that a dozen farmers there had thrown away sixty dollars of money to secure a patent right for that town.

We have often been offered a share gratis if we would speak a word in favor of the scheme; but we declined accepting. We then regarded the whole as a gross imposition upon farmers, and we have had no reason since to change our opinion notwithstanding the serious countenances assumed by agents when they offer so important a secret for the sum of one hundred dollars for a single town.

We know not whether any patent has been obtained. But if there is one we would not give a farthing for it if it contains nothing more than the agents, who have offered rights to us, represent. It is our own opinion that there is no secret worth knowing in what is called Bommer's patent.

We see, on turning to Bommer's book, that his "caustic lie" of which he speaks is made from the following ingredients, viz., lime, soot, ashes, salt, saltpetre, excrements of animals, leaven! This *leaven* is doubtless to "leaven the whole lump." *Leaven* is the *leavings* of any substance. The leavings of bread—sour bread—was anciently used to ferment new bread. This was practised four thousand years ago, and it would seem strange it we must pay for the discovery of it at this late day.

And as to the other materials we think there are very few farmers in New England who are not familiar with their uses in agriculture. Lime on our soils here is generally useless. Soot, ashes, saltpetre, and plaster, are well kown as fertilizers. And what is said of the excrements of animals? Why they *help* to make other matter useful! They *assist* to hasten the rotting of vegetable matter!

But to show that Bommer is totally in the dark in regard to the progress which American farmers had made before he was born, we quote a single line from "his book." He says. "The farmer does not dream of the utility of human excrements, as if these materials were not as valuable as the manure from cattle."

So much does this *teacher* know of the intelligence of American farmers! He would have them try a liquid that runs from the dung-heap to aid in rotting a compost heap. We hope the time has not yet come to require farmers here to *pay* for a right to use such known materials to fertilize their lands. [Editor.

☞ By the politeness of the Hon. J. C. Gray we have received a printed copy of his lecture before *the Middlesex Society of Husbandmen and Manufacturers* delivered at Concord in October last.

We copy from it the following for the benefit of those who did not hear it on its delivery:—

MR. PRESIDENT, AND GENTLEMEN:—I have not accepted your invitation to address you, on this occasion, in the hope of presenting to you anything novel, elaborate, or in any way striking. Had I supposed that such expectations were entertained on your part, I should probably have declined the appointment. The great business of Agriculture is one, in which most of you are better versed than I am, and you have, year after year, been addressed upon it by the ablest and most experienced of your members. But I am satisfied, that you expect nothing more than a few plain remarks, offered from a sincere desire to suggest to your consideration some useful topics, and to manifest my interest in the progress of Agriculture. Under these circumstances, the request, with which you have honored me, presented itself with a force, which I did not feel authorized to disregard.

I have thought, Gent'lemen, that I could not better occupy a few passing moments, than in some suggestions in relation to a very few of the most prominent difficulties and obstacles, which the farmer in this region is called upon to encounter. They are such suggestions, as have occurred to me in my own experience, or have been derived from those better skilled in farming than myself; and they are offered the more freely, from a confidence that they will be estimated according to their due weight, and no more.

DIFFICULTIES FROM CLIMATE.

The first difficulties, in the way of our farmers, which I shall notice, are those resulting from our climate. This has been well described by Washington Irving, as fierce in all its extremes, but splendid in all its vicissitudes. So frequently and so suddenly do these vicissitudes occur, as to set all anticipation at defiance. We are tempted to think that the laws, which govern the changes of temperature in other regions of the globe, are entirely suspended here; and had Shakspeare ever visited our shores, we might suppose that it was from our climate that he drew his beautiful picture of the disordered seasons.

"And thorough this distemperature, we see
The seasons alter. Hoary-headed frosts
Fan in the fresh lap of the crimson rose,
And on old Winter's chin and icy crown
An odorous chaplet of sweet Summer buds
Is as in mockery set. The Spring, the Summer,
The chiding Autumn, angry Winter, change
Their wonted liveries, and the amazed world
Through their increase, now knows not which is which."

It is not only from season to season, that our transitions are thus rapid, they occur weekly and almost daily; so that a single day sometimes exhibits what may be called, without violence, an epitome of the whole year. But, after all, these sudden and severe changes, this fierceness of heat and intensity of cold, these rapid and violent alternations from the one to the other, however they may task the skill of the mere gardener, produce far less injury than might be supposed, in our great agricultural operations.

But there is one feature of our climate, which is a far more prolific source of anxiety to the farmer. I allude to our long droughts. These occur so frequently, I had almost said so constantly, that a season entirely exempted from them is to be considered merely an occasional exception. Can anything be done to alleviate the effects of these visitations? But little, it may be said; yet I think, much more than has been generally imagined. To hope to supply the want of rain by artificial watering, applied upon a scale of any extent, must of course be entirely out of the question, inasmuch as a single shower of one inch—and this, though a copious, is by no means an extraordinary shower—furnishes to an acre of land about a thousand barrels of water. We can render no assistance to our grass and English grain; but for our trees, and for every crop which admits of culture by the plough or hoe, there is one simple expedient, which has been greatly undervalued and neglected. I mean the stirring of the soil.

STIRRING THE SOIL.

This practice has been scarcely noticed by agricultural writers. I find no mention of it in English books; perhaps because in Great Britain a drought is comparatively a rare evil; and the first publication I have seen upon the subject, is a communication by the late Mr. Lowell, to the editor of the New England Farmer. It seems probable, that when the earth is loosened and its pores laid open, it acts like a sponge, in absorbing moisture from the atmosphere; but whatever the mode of operation, the fact is certain, that, by repeatedly stirring the soil in dry weather, a moisture on the surface is invariably produced, and any one may satisfy himself on this point, in a few minutes. An intelligent farmer in my neighborhood once stated, that in sowing his turnip-seed, he always followed the rule, of the 25th of July, wet or dry; and on being asked what course he took, if, as frequently happens, a severe drought prevailed at that time, answered, that he ploughed the land till he raised a moisture. If the stirring of cultivated ground were perseveringly followed, at short intervals, in our summer droughts, the effect would be far more striking, than any one, previous to such an experiment, could easily imagine; and the plough and hoe, in addition to their other most valuable qualities, would prove, so to speak, no ordinary watering-machines.

The soil of Massachusetts has, certainly for the most part, no pretensions to the character of great natural fertility. Its virgin richness, such as it was, has long since been exhausted. But, in truth, there is no evidence that this richness was ever more than moderate, and earlier writers speak of our land in much the same terms as would now be employed by a discriminating observer. It is, therefore, of the more importance, to increase this natural wealth, by skilful culture and nourishment, and most especially to observe the greatest care in a rigid economy and judicious application of manures. This subject was treated with great ability, and with the utmost directness and perspicuity, by the late Col. Pickering, in his address delivered about twenty-five years since at Brighton, and published in the New England Farmer, to which I refer for full information.

HEALTH OF CATTLE.

The health of our domestic animals is a topic on which, from its high interest, I feel compelled to detain you for a moment. It is a topic on which no good farmer, I might add no good man, can well be indifferent. Our climate seems, on the whole, highly favorable to the health of these animals. Still, as they are of necessity liable to various diseases and accidents, everything relating to their physiology must be highly interesting. It is a dictate not only of economy, but humanity, that these casualties should be fully understood, and nothing should be left undone to remedy or to avert them. With regard to the [illegible] have once appeared, our power, at best, is exceedingly limited. Little can be done to assist nature, and perhaps we best discharge our duty, by interposing as little as possible in her operations. NAPOLEON, no mean authority, certainly, in point of intelligence, repeatedly declared, in his last illness, his distrust of all medical prescriptions, as applied to the human subject. "Doctor," said he to his favorite physician, "no drugs! You are like a watchmaker, who should endeavor to put a watch in order which he could not open. For once that he could effect any good purpose by thrusting in his crooked instruments, he would a thousand times break or derange some part of the hidden machinery." I shall certainly not presume to say, that these remarks of Napoleon admit of no qualification. If we should hesitate to decide where doctors disagree, much more should we hesitate to dogmatize where doctors might unite against us. But if we are greatly in the dark, as to the operations of nature and of disease in the human frame, and I suppose no candid physician would deny thus much, far the more obscure must be our course in treating the diseases of animals, especially as they have no tongues to express their own sensations. Their anatomy is a subject which well deserves the attention of the Medical Faculty, and with which every farmer should be, in some little degree, acquainted. And yet, there are few subjects on which our information, written and unwritten, is so little reliable. The greatest evils which disease often brings upon our cattle, are the useless, aye, and tormenting, prescriptions to which these poor creatures are sometimes compelled to submit. Compared with such treatment utter neglect is merciful, and our cattle have certainly a right to ask that nature should have fair play, in working out her own beneficent ends, or in submitting quietly and peaceably to inevitable necessity. Some of our most distinguished surgeons, greatly to their honor, have applied themselves with deep interest to the study of comparative anatomy, and the Massachusetts Agricultural Society are now endeavoring, with a good prospect of success, to induce some young physician to devote himself entirely to this most important and most neglected pursuit. Still, where we have the option, it is far better to avert disease than to combat it, and much may be done in this way by every vigilant farmer. "In all let nature never be forgot," was the precept of the poet, in ornamental matters; and in what are called more useful ones, there is no safer rule. Let us treat our cattle as well as we can, lodge them comfortably, feed them generously with their natural sustenance, keep them neat, avoid undue exposure, and govern them in a spirit of kindness and good humor, and we shall leave little foot-hold for disease, and few occasions for the science of the cattle doctor.

ON TRANSPLANTING TREES.

We must have a little familiar conversation this month, on the subject of TRANSPLANTING TREES. Our remarks will be intended, of course, for the uninitiated; not for those who have grown wise with experience.

That there is a difficulty in transplanting trees, the multitude of complaints and inquiries which beset us, most abundantly prove. That it is, on the other hand, a very easy and simple process, the uniform success of skilful cultivators, as fully establishes.

The difficulty then, lies, of course, in a want of knowledge, on the part of the unsuccessful practitioner. This kind of knowledge may be stated, broadly, under two heads, viz., ignorance of the *organization* of trees, and ignorance of the necessity of *feeding* them.

The first point is directly the most important, for the very process of transplanting is founded upon it. Since this art virtually consists in removing, by violence, a tree from one spot to another, it is absolutely necessary to know how much violence we may use without defeating the ends in view. A common soldier will, with his sword, cut off a man's limb, in such a manner that he takes his life away with it. A skilful surgeon will do the same thing, in order to *preserve* life. There are, also, manifestly two ways of transplanting trees.

That the *vital principles* is a wonderful and mysterious power, even in plants, it cannot be denied. But because certain trees, as poplars and willows, have enough of this power to enable pieces of them to grow, when stuck into the ground, like walking sticks, without roots, it does not follow that all other trees will do the same. There are some animals which swallow prussic acid with impunity; but it is a dangerous experiment for all other animals. What we mean to suggest, therefore, is, that he who would be a successful transplanter, must have an almost religious respect for the roots of trees. He must look upon them as the collectors of revenue, the wardens of the ports, the great viaducts, of all solids and fluids that enter into the system of growth and verdure, which constitutes the tree proper. Oh, if one could only teach hewers of "tap-roots," and drawers of "laterals," the value of the whole system of roots,—everything, in short, that looks like, and is a *radicle*,—then would nine-tenths of the difficulty of transplanting be quite overcome, and the branches might be left pretty much to themselves!

Now a tree, to be perfectly transplanted, ought to be taken up with its whole system of roots *entire*. Thus removed and carefully replanted, at the proper dormant season, it need not suffer a loss of the smallest bough, and it would scarcely feel its removal. Such things are done every year, with this result, by clever and experienced gardeners. We have seen apple trees, large enough to bear a couple of bushels of fruit, which were removed a dozen miles, in the autumn, and made a luxuriant growth, and bore a fine crop the next season. But the workman who handled them had gone to the root of the business he undertook.

The fact, however, cannot be denied, that in common practice there are very few such perfect workmen. Trees (especially in the nurseries,) are often taken up in haste at a loss of a third, or even sometimes half of their roots, and when received by the transplanters, there is nothing to be done but *make the best of it*.

In order to do this, we must look a little in advance in order to understand the philosophy of growth. In a few words, then, it may be assumed that in a healthy tree, there is an exact "balance of power" between the roots and the branches. The first may be said to represent the stomach, and the second the lungs and prespiratory system. The first collects food for the tree, the other elaborates and prepares this food. You can, therefore, no more make a violent attack upon the roots without the leaves and branches suffering harm by it, than you can greatly injure the stomach of an animal without disturbing the vital action of all the rest of its system.

In trees and plants, perhaps, this proportional independence is still greater. For instance, the leaves, and even the bark of a tree, continually act as the perspiratory system of that tree.—Every clear day, in a good sized tree, they give off many pounds weight of fluid matter,—being the more watery portion of the element absorbed by the roots. Now it is plain, that if you destroy, in transplanting, one-third of the roots of a tree, you have, as soon as the leaves expand, a third more lungs than you keep in action. The perspiration is vastly beyond what the roots can make good; and unless the subject is one of unusual vitality, or the weather is such as to keep down perspiration by constant dampness, the leaves must flag, and the tree partly or wholly perish.

[illegible] where you must plant a tree whose roots have been mutilated, is (after carefully paring off the ends of the wounded roots, to enable them to heal more speedily,) to restore the "balance of power" by bringing down the perspiratory system—in other words, the branches, to a corresponding state; that is to say, in theory, if your tree has lost a fourth of its roots, take off an equal amount of its branches.

This is the correct *theory*. The *practice*, however, differs with the climate where the transplanting takes place. This is evident, if we remember that the prespiration is governed by the amount of sunshine and dry air. The more of these, the greater the demand made for moisture, on the roots. Hence the reason why delicate cuttings strike root readily uder a bell glass, and why transplanting is as easy as sleeping in rainy weather. In England, therefore, it is much easier to transplant large trees than on the continent, or in this country; so easy, that Sir Henry Stewart made parks of fifty feet trees with his transplanting machine almost as easily and as quickly as Capt. Bragg takes a park of artillery. But he who tries the sort of fancy work in the bright sunshine of the United States, will find that it is like undertaking to besiege Gibraltar with cross-bows. The trees start into leaf, and all promises well; but unless under very favorable circumstances, the leaves beggar the roots, by their demands for more sap, before August is half over.

We mean to be understood therefore, that we think it safest in practice, this part of the world, when you are about to put a tree deprived of part of its roots, to reduce the branches a little *below* this same proportion. To reduce them to precisely an equal portion, would preserve the balance, if the mind about the roots could be kept uniformly moist. But, with the chances of its becoming fatally dry at times, you must guard against the leaves flagging, by diminishing their number at the first start. As every leaf and branch, made after *growth* fairly commences, will be accompanied simultaneously by new roots, the same will then be provided for as a matter of course.

The neatest way of reducing the top of a tree, in order not to destroy its natural symmetry,* is to *shorten-back* the young growth of the previous season. We know a most successful planter who always, under all circumstances, shortens-back the previous year's wood, on transplanting, to *one bud*; that is, he cuts off the whole summer's growth down to a good plump bud, just above the previous year's wood. But this is not always necessary. A few inches (where the growth has been a foot or more,) will usually be all that is necessary. It is only necessary to watch the growth of a transplanted tree, treated in this way, with one of the same kind unpruned; to compare the clean, vigorous new shoots, that will be made the first season by the former, with the slender and feeble ones of the latter, to be perfectly convinced of the value of the practice of shortening in transplanted trees.

The necessity of a proper supply of food for trees, is a point that we should not have to insist upon, if starving trees had the power of crying out, like starving pigs. Unluckily, they have not; and, therefore, inhuman and ignorant cultivators will feed their cattle, and let their orchards starve to death. Now it is perfectly demonstrable, to a man who has the use of his eyes, that a tree can be *fatted* to repletion, that it may be made to grow thriftily and well, or that it may be absolutely starved to death, as certainly as a Berkshire. It is *not* enough, (unless a man has rich bottom lands,) to *plant* a tree in order to have a satisfactory growth, and a speedy gratification in its fruit and foliage. You must provide a supply of food for it at the outset, and renew it as often as necessary during its lifetime. He who does this, will have five times the profit and ten times the satisfaction of the careless and sluggish man, who grudges the labor and expense of a little extra feeding for the roots. The cheapest and best food for trees, with most farmers, is a mixture of swamp muck and stable manure, which has laid for some two or three months together. The best manure, perhaps, is the same muck, or black peat, reduced to an active state with wood ashes. (See vol. ii. p. 384.) A wheelbarrow load of this compost, mixed with the soil, for each small transplanted tree, will give it a supply of food that will produce a growth of leaf and young wood that will do one's heart good to look upon.

Any *well decomposed* animal manure may be freely used in planting trees; always thoroughly incorporating it with the *whole* of the soil that has been stirred, and not throwing it directly about the roots.

There are, however, some improvident men who will plant trees without having any food at hand, except manure in a crude state. "What shall we do," they ask, "when we have only fresh stable manure?" Perhaps we ought to answer—"wait till you have something better." But since they will do something at once, or not at all, we must give them a reply; and this is, make your hole twice as large and twice as deep as you would if you had suitable compost. Then bury part of the fresh manure *below* the depth where the roots will at first be, mixing it with the soil, treading the whole down well to prevent settling, and covering the whole with three inches of earth, upon which to plant the tree. Mix the rest with the soil, and put it at the *sides* of the hole, keeping the manure both at the sides and bottom, far enough away, that the roots of the tree shall not reach it for two months. Then plant the tree in some of the best good soil you can procure.

One of the safest and best general fertilizers that can be used in transplanting at all times, and in all soils, is *leached* wood ashes. A couple of shovel-fulls of this may be used (intermixed with soil,) about the roots of every tree, while replanting it, with great advantage. Lime and potash, the two largest inorganic constituents of all trees, are most abundantly supplied by wood ashes; and hence its utility in all ou soils.

We have, previously, so largely insisted on the importance of *trenching* and *deepening the soil*, in all cases where trees are to be planted, that we trust our readers know that that is our *platform*. If any man wishes to know how to improve the growth of any tree in the climate of the United States, the first word that we have to say to him, is to "*trench* your soil." If your soil is exhausted, if your soil is thin and poor, if it is dry, and you suffer from drouth, the remedy is the same; deepen it. If you have much to do, and economy must be considered, use the subsoil plough; if a few trees only are to be planted in the lawn or garden, use the spade. Always remember that the roots of trees will rarely go deeper than the "natural soil," (say from 10 to 20 inches on the average,) and that by trenching two or three feet deep you make a double soil, and therefore enlarge your "area of freedom" for the roots, and give them twice as much to feed upon. If you are a beginner, and are skeptical, make a trial of a few square yards, plant a tree in it, and then judge for yourselves.

* Cutting off large branches at random, often quite spoils the natural habit of a tree. *Shortening-back*, all over the head, does not affect it in the least.

[The Horticulturist.

THE SOAP TREE. We first met, on this part of the road, with the species of palm called by us soap-weed, from the fact that the Mexicans use its root as a substitute for soap, for which it answers very well. Indeed, it is considered superior to it for the washing of woollens. I believe it is rightly named the lechuguilla. This singular shrub, which is to be also met with on the prairies, [illegible] consists of a trunk, very pithy, surmounted by a fine head of stiff leaves, each of which is about two feet and a half in height, and armed at the end with a long thorn. The leaves project from the stalk on all sides, and set as close as possible, and are of a dark green color. The flower is white and very pretty. As each year's foliage decays, it drops down against the trunk, of a light brown color. These dry leaves, when fire is applied, flash up like gun-powder, and burn with a bright light. Our night marches could be marked by their flames, which, as the nights were cold, (although the days were comfortable,) were cheering. I have been thus particular in describing this plant for several reasons; one is, its many uses—of the leaves the natives make their hats; also, when dressed like hemp, it is formed into ropes and sacks, looking like the material known as Manilla hemp, though coarser. These plants have a singularly provoking quality; being from two to eight feet in height, they will assume to the eye in the twilight the most deceptive forms. To the sentinel they will appear as forms of men; and many an unconscious soap-weed has run the chance of a sentry's shot from not answering to the challenge of "Who goes there!" If your mule or horse has strayed from camp; and you start to hunt for him in the grey of the morning, you are sure to be led first in one direction, and then in another, by one of these shrubs, which, from a short distance, has taken the form of your animal. Time after time you may have been thus deceived, yet never seeming to learn experience from the soap-weed. [A Campaign in New Mexico.

Nitrate of soda, as much as can be held between the finger and the thumb, placed in the water in which flowers are to be preserved, will keep them fresh and blooming a fortnight, at least Mrs. Loudon says so.

VALUE OF AGRICULTURAL PERIODICALS.—The Hon. E. Newton, in his address before the Mahoning county (Ohio) Agricultural Society, says:—

Agricultural publications are the best and cheapest mode of obtaining information upon all subjects of husbandry They cost but little, and are within the power of all. One good day's work will pay for one, and all have an abundance of time to read them. They contain the experience and observations of the most scientific farmers in the country; the prospect of crops in all countries and condition of the market; facts all important to be known and understood. I have been surprised to see how few are taken, and have often been told by farmers that they were not able to pay for them. I can hardly appreciate the remark. Every one is able to pay for that which will immediately return them a hundred fold. I believe that a single number of any of the publications, if thoroughly read, would be found to contain some fact, if adopted, that would more than pay for the full year. By raising an extra bushel of wheat, it would pay for the year. [Genesee Farmer.

THE CUT-WORM. Although some of the readers of the Farmer may be well acquainted with the following method of getting rid of this troublesome vermin, as it may benefit others I thought it proper to make it public. Last spring, having planted some things rather early, on account of frosts I was obliged to cover them with straw, &c. Upon uncovering them I allowed the straw to lay in the paths, &c., a day or two, and upon removing it I discovered that the cut-worm and other vermin were gathered beneath the straw and were readily destroyed. I then placed straw among my cabbages with the like effect.

Yours, &c, FREDERIC WILLIAMS.

Gerry, N. Y., Oct, 1848. [Ibid.

CLOTHING FOR THE YOUNG. Are the little "Highlanders" whom we meet during three out of the four quarters of the year under the guardianship of their nurserymaids dawdling about the streets in our public walks on squares, properly protected from the cold? Are the fantastically-attired children whom we see "taking-an airing" in carriages in our parks, sufficiently and properly clad? If these questions can be truly answered in the affirmative, then, and then only, my remarks are needless. There can enter into the parent mind no more baneful ideas than that of rendering children "hardy" by exposing them unnecessarily to cold, and by clothing them inefficiently. I have known instances wherein parents, acting on this principle, have failed entirely in rearing their off-spring. Does nature treat her progeny thus? Does she not, first of all, insure the birth of her young only at a kindly season, and then provide them with downy coverings, warm nests, and assiduous protectors? And we must imitate nature, if we would give to Britain a race capable and worthy of maintaining her independence and honor. The little denizens of a warm nursery must not be subjected, without a carefully assorted covering, to the piercing and relentless East or North-East wind; they must not be permitted to imbibe the seeds of that dreadful scourge of this climate—consumption—in their walks for exercise and health; they must be tended, as the future lords of the earth, with jealous care and judicious zeal. *One sixth of the deaths of young children*, it must be remembered, *result from cold*. [Erasmus Wilson.

THIS LIFE. Life is beautiful compared to a fountain fed by a thousand streams, that perish if one be dried. It is a silver cord, twisted with a thousand strings, that part asunder if one be broken. Frail and thoughtless mortals are surrounded by innumerable dangers, which make it much more strange that they escape so long, than that they sometimes perish suddenly at last. We are encompassed with accidents every day, to crush the mouldering tenements which we inhabit. The seeds of disease are planted in our constitution by nature. The earth and atmosphere whence we draw our breath, are impregnated with death—health is made to operate its own destruction. The food that nourishes containes the elements of decay; the soul that animates it by a vivifying fire, tends to wear it out by its own action. Death lurks in ambush along our path. Notwithstanding this is the truth, so palpably confirmed by the daily example before our eyes, how little do we lay it to heart! We see our friends and neighbors perish among us, but how seldom does it occur in our thoughts, that our knell shall—perhaps, give the next fruitless warning to the world. [Guardian.

NEW YORK RAILROADS. There are in the State of New York, about 778 miles of railroad completed, on which cars are running. The cost of construction has amounted to the sum of $20,944,141. The number of passengers, of all sorts, who passed over them in the year 1847, was $3,866,718 From this and all other sources, the gross earnings of the various companies, during the same period, was $3,084,211. Expenses, including those of running and repairs, $1,452 361, leaving $1,631,850 as a profit.

Taking out of view the expenses incurred in relaying their roads, their receipts have steadily increased, and each successive year shows that they are doing a more profitable business.

Below will be found a statement exhibiting the total income of five companies, during the years 1846 and 1847:

	1846.	1847.
New York and Erie,	$185,514	$254,118
Albany and Schenectady,	125,835	164,371
Attica and Buffalo,	86,492	123 810
Auburn and Rochester [illegible] and Niagara Falls,	33,954	46,630
	$721,964	$985,690
		721,964
Increase in one year,		$268,764

The increased expense for running and repairs, during the same time, was $118,106. [*Buffalo Courier*.

MOUNT SINAI. This is the holy mountain; and among all the stupendous work of nature, not a place can be selected more fit for the exhibition of Almighty power. I have stood upon the summit of the giant Etna, and looked over the clouds floating beneath it, upon the bold scenery of Sicily, and the distant mountains of Calabria; upon the top of Vesuvius, and looked down upon the waves of lava and the ruined and half covered cities at its foot; but they are nothing when compared with the bleak solitude and terrific majesty of Sinai. An observing traveller has well called it a "perfect sea of desolation." Not a tree or shrub, or blade of grass is to be seen upon the bare and rugged sides of innumerable mountains, heaving their naked summits to the skies; while the crumbling masses of granite all around, and the distant view of the Syrian desert, with its boundless waste of sand, form the wildest and most dreary, the most terrific and desolate picture that imagination can conceive. The level of the very top or pinnicle is about sixty feet square. At one end is a single rock about twenty feet high, on which, as said the monk, the Spirit of God descended, while in the crevice beneath, his favored servant received the Tables of the Law. There, on the same spot where they were given, I opened the sacred Book in which those laws are recorded, and read them with a deeper feeling of devotion, as if I were standing nearer and receiving them more directly from the Deity himself. [Chambers.

EDUCATION. The advantages resulting from education, where it has been properly conducted on the principles of reason and common sense, and where solid attainments in science have been sought after, rather than the elegancies and refinements of literature, are experienced and publicly acknowledged in every department of life. The scholar is not the less qualified from being such for the avocations of business, and the active duties that may devolve on him, nor is he by reason of his intellectual acquirements, the less fitted to grapple with the difficulties and the hardships he may meet with in the world. There is indeed a prejudice which prevails to some considerable extent among the uneducated, and the mass of mankind, that scientific and literary pursuits have a tendency to enervate and enfeeble and to detract from that strength and energy of physical constitution, which may be naturally inherent in man. And from the manner of study too frequently adopted, where the health of the body and mind are too little consulted, there may be some good reasons for such prejudice. But in itself considered education is manifestly calculated to strengthen and invigorate all the powers, both mental and corporeal, as well those of the body as of the mind. So intimate indeed is the relation between the material and immaterial parts of man's nature, that whatever has a tendency to impart healthfulness and vigor to the one, must necessarily have a corresponding effect upon the other. And it is probably by reason of this very intimate union which has been established, that, many who though engaged in the active duties of business, devote also a portion of their time to scientific pursuits, become men of the stoutest judgment, of the most enlarged views, add most to the common stock of useful information, and make the most important discoveries in the arts. These are the men who become in the true sense of the expression, public benefactors. There are others indeed, who are possessed naturally of ingenious and inventive dispositions, whose minds unassisted by education and with very limited opportunities, have made very important inventions and improvements, but these same individuals with more enlarged views, would have been far more useful. To mechanics especially in the present age of valuable discovery, education has become all important, and absolutely necessary if they would be successful, or would prosper in business.—And to mechanics we would therefore say, diligently endeavor and use every means in your power, by reading and study, to obtain a good and solid education. [N. Y. Farmer & Mechanic.

ST. LAWRENCE AND ATLANTIC RAILROAD. The work on this road is progressing with great rapidity; the whole line is graded to St. Hyacinthes, the bridge over the Richelieu and Huron rivers finished, depot houses and engine houses erected at Longueuil, St. Hilaire, and St. Hyacinthe, water stations nearly completed, cars of freight and passengers made and landed at Longueuil, superstructure completed, all but six miles, having eighteen miles of iron rails laid and the laying of the remainder of the superstructure and rails is advancing so rapidly that there is every prospect of the road being opened to St. Hyacinthe from the 15th to the 29th of November. [Montreal Herald.

CHEAP POSTAGE IN FRANCE. The French National Assembly have passed one practical measure which entitles its members to the gratitude of the people. It has passed a bill for the reduction of postage on inland letters to four sous or cents. The same will go into effect on the 1st of January next. Russia has also established a penny postage throughout her great empire

REDUCTION OF WAGES AT LOWELL. Notice has been given at Lowell that a reduction of wages will soon take place. The Boston Republican says it is to commence on the 20th of November on one corporation, and probably at the same time on the others. The reduction is considerable, 25 to 30 per cent. The speed is to be reduced and the girls are to be made to tend more looms.

The hours of labor should be reduced in preference to the reduction of speed. The very system which the Lowell Companies are about to adopt, is a system which they will yet regret having adopted.

NEWSPAPERS IN TEXAS. We fancy that many of our readers will be surprised to learn that already there are twenty-one newspapers in the "Star State." Such is the fact, as appears from the Galveston News.

MECHANIC ARTS.

THE BEST DOG POWER. We saw a few days since at the Cabinet shop of Mr. Joseph Peckover, in this city, a most excellent application of dog power to the propulsion of machinery, which from its simplicity and cheapness of construction could be used to advantage wherever a small power is wanted. It consists of a large wooden drum 11 feet diameter and 15 inches wide, the axle of the drum turning on friction wheels in order to lessen the friction. The dog was placed inside the drum turning it by his weight in the same manner that a squirrel turns a wheel. By the power thus produced Mr. Peckover drives two upright saws for curves, one small circular saw and two turning lathes for wood, but not all at once. He employes two Newfoundland dogs for his work and has trained them for it admirably. By a word from his master the dog leaps from his kennel in the yard, runs down into the cellar and jumps into the wheel. After working two hours this dog is released by the other, and so alternately through the day. We noticed in our paper a few weeks since the dog power which was exhibiting at the Fair in this city. In that case the dog was fastened by the neck to a circular platform and made to work it around, the operation being much more laborious for the dog and producing less power. By Mr. Peckover's plan the dogs are not fastened and

MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN.

SATURDAY MORNING, NOV. 18, 1848.

William Buckminster, Editor.

A GREAT NATION OF FREEMEN.

Now that another general election is past and the excitement of the hour is over we may all view ourselves as in a *mirror*.—"May see ourse! as ithers see us." And compare our condition with that of the civilized nations of the earth.

We are freemen, on a free soil. We have no no hereditary rulers. Our parties are not hereditary, as in Europe. The father votes with one party, while his son votes with an opposing one. Freedom is the watchword, and he tyranny of party is but temporary.

In our own beloved country we have a glorious view of three millions of people holding meetings on a set day to select from among themselves persons to administer the public affairs of the nation for a limited term—persons accountable to the people for the faithful management of affairs, and assessed equally with others to pay the public taxes.

When we are dissatisfied with our managers instead of taking up arms and shedding the blood of political transgressors, we peaceably elect others to take their places And feeling that this right is secured to us we have the less inclination for any other redress. We learn to bear patiently for a time what might seem too great a burthen were it fixed and hereditary.

By long practice, too, we learn to submit to the will of a majority. This lesson is a hard one, and not so readily learned or acquiesced in as philosophers might desire. The French nation has not yet learned it, and it will be the very last one to be conned and cherished by that new Republic.

In our own country we occasionally find bodies of men acting together, yet unwilling to submit to a major vote. In some of our large conventions which have been held for the nomination of officers, members have flatly refused to submit to selections unless two thirds of the body could be made to think alike. And in a recent nomination agreed on by more than three fourths of the delegation, some were found who would not yield, but chose to break away and form on new ground.

Such a course is not always censurable. It may be laudable when it is thought that imposition is practised by a bare majority. For in all voluntary associations there is an implied understanding that the proceedings shall be fair and honorable. Yet it should never be forgotten by a political party that it is dangerous to divide on occasions like those we have named; and that those who bolt and break from the friends who have met them for a common purpose, have no right to complain, on organizing anew, of any who may choose to break from the new organization.

The safety and the permanency of our Republic rest on the principle of submission to the will of others when that will is in opposition to our own. Anarchy follows closely the standard of revolt from majorities regularly obtained. And anarchy is followed by despotism. As soon as we fail to carry out this principle we become the prey to some bold spirit who denies the right of a majority to decide, and who soon persuades us that the decision of a single individual is much better than no decision.

We are not finding fault with people for voting as they may choose.—We claim the same right for ourself. And an inexperienced observer must wonder that among three millions of voters not more than four or five candidates are seriously started and voted for. The reason for this is found in the necessity of uniting together when a common object is to be gained. Yet we cannot expect that all will vote alike; and it is absurd to cherish any ill-will towards those who may differ from us.

ELECTION OF PRESIDENT We have but little to add to the accounts which we gave last week. It then appeared that Taylor had 147 votes and of course was elected if the returns were true. We have now to add Georgia, 10, and Louisiana 6. These two States have undoubtedly gone for Taylor—giving him 163 votes.

As to *Virginia* which has been claimed for Taylor we think he cannot overcome the old Democratic majority in the State, though he has gained nearly four thousand votes compared with the previous election.

Mississippi may possibly go for Taylor, and he will not be likely to carry any more States.

Alabama, Missouri, Arkansas, Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin and Michigan go for Cass. Maine too will give Cass a small plurality, but he will not have a majority.

THE WEATHER. In western New York the weather has been quite cold, and the snow near Buffalo has been two feet deep. In Utica the thermometer has been down to within one degree of zero—and nearly as low in some of the western towns of Massachusetts.

Much produce in the cars on its way to Albany is spoiled by the frost. Potatoes suffering more than apples.

In the central parts of our own State we have had a touch of winter. Some of the days of last week were too cold for potatoes,—and some apples suffered though stored in barns and out houses. At Framingham it snowed most of the day, Sunday, and the snow lay thick enough through Monday to make tolerable sledding, though the weather was then mild. The ground is now bare again and cattle are picking something from the fields.

THE BROOKLINE RESERVOIR.—We learn that on Thursday morning the water from Cochituate Lake was let in to the Reservoir in Brookline in presence of the city council, the water commissioners, engineers and others assembled there to witness it.

It is calculated that it will take 14 days to fill the basin, which will be more than 20 feet in depth, and will make a beautiful pool covering twenty two acres.

BOSTON VOTE. The official vote on Monday was Briggs 7792—Phillips 2371—Cushing 1160 scattering 159. For members of Congress—Winthrop 7726—Sumner 2336—Hallet 1460. For Lt. Gov. Governor—Reed 7792—Mills 2267—Cush-man 1470—scat 23.

☞ The Mayor of Boston, in a short address at the Reservoir in Brookline, said that sixteen hundred families in Boston are already provided with a supply of the Chochituate water.

☞ It is reported that Mr. Clay is indisposed and was unable to cast his vote for Gen. Taylor. If he had been well would he have made any effort to elect a rival!

☞ It is said that President Polk intends to remove to Nashville, Tennessee, on the fourth of March next. Gen. Pillow is also expected there.

☞ Mr Thomas Kenny of South Reading has a lot of most excellent pear stocks for sale call on him an see.

☞ Gen. Butler, the candidate for the Vice Presidency, is in N. York.

MASSACHUSETTS ELECTION. It is pretty well ascertained that Gov. Briggs is re-elected if we count only three candidates in the field—but there are a number of scattering votes, and there may be a tie. It is still doubtful whether he is elected by the people.

Many of the returns which come in are extremely incorrect. Framingham, for instance, gave but *nine* votes for Gen. Caleb Cushing, instead of ten times that number as published in some papers.

A correspondent at Seekonk writes that in that town Cushing had 158—Briggs 126—Phillips 13,—Hooper 159, Fowler 126, Morton 12.

☞ Redding & Co., 8 State Street, have the "Guide to Health and Long Life: or, what to eat, drink and avoid, &c.," written by Dr. Culverwell, in a pamphlet of 70 pages. It is sold for 25 cents. Also the "Prisoner's Friend," now changed to a monthly magazine. They also have a little volume of 100 pages on "Manures," prepared by C. Morfit, a chemist.

REPRESENTATIVES TO CONGRESS.

We have already stated the results in the 1st District, where Mr. Winthrop prevails by almost 4000 majority; in the 2d, where Mr. King loses his election by a very small vote in the aggregate; in the 3d, where Mr. Duncan prevails by a very handsome majority; and in the 4th, where no choice was expected to be obtained. We give some additional towns in this District—

	Thompson.	Robinson.	Palfrey.
Burlington,	22	39	12
Berlin,	25	12	73
Framingham,	260	86	192
Sudbury,	71	105	41
Westboro',	116	18	199
Shrewsbury,	37	57	183
Southboro',	31	8	134
Townsend,	53	58	111
Stowe,	64	97	18
Bolton,	90	16	92
Leominster,	149	60	267
Harvard,	65	98	85
Sterling,	160	37	98
Pepperell,	171	154	44
Ashby,	127	65	51
21 towns before,	3865	2242	3165
Total,	4963	3155	4665

Four towns not yet reported.

The 5th District gives a strong plurality vote for Judge Allen against Mr. Hudson. It is the strongest Van Buren district in the State. In the 6th, all the towns but two are heard from, Mr. Ashmun has about 500 majority. In the 7th, Mr. Rockwell's clear majority will be about 200. About all the towns are in. In the 8th District there is no count against Mr. Mann.—His majority overtops everything.

In the 9th District, the vote from all the towns but Swanzey stands thus—Fowler, Whig. 5078; Hooper. Democrat, 2358; Morton, Van Buren, 2540. Mr Fowler's plurality is 1538.

In the 10th District, Mr. Grinnell, the present Representative, has a majority of 1056 over all others.

It will be seen that, as stated at first, the Whigs have six Representatives to Congress in Massachusetts, and that in the 2d, 4th, 5th, and 9th Districts, no choice has been effected. The results, in figures, are before the people. [Courier.

REPRESENTATIVES TO THE GENERAL COURT.

	Whigs.	Democrats.	F. Soil.
Suffolk,	26	0	0
Essex,	22	1	2
Middlesex,	23	5	4
Worcester,	9	5	20
Hampshire,	14	1	3
Hampden,	10	3	1
Franklin,	3	1	2
Berkshire,	8	1	1
Norfolk,	8	0	4
Bristol,	13	1	3
Plymouth,	6	0	8
Barnstable,	11	1	0
Nantucket,	4	0	0
Dukes,	2	0	0
	169	19	48

Chosen thus far—236. Whig majority over both opposite parties, 102. Twenty-eight towns have voted not to send, and in a great number there was no choice at the first trial. But as all such towns have three chances to fill their vacancies, the last of them more than a fortnight hence, it would be of no use now to give the names of those towns.

[Courier.

THE BROOKLINE RESERVOIR OF THE COCHITUATE AQUEDUCT. Thursday forenoon was appointed for the observance of the ceremony of formally admitting the water from Lake Cochituate into the great reservoir at Corey's hill in Brookline. The Water Commissioners, the Mayor, Aldermen, and Common Council, and a host of other dignitaries, were expected to be present, and the announcement of this fact through the papers attracted a crowd of people to the depot of the Worcester road yesterday, just before eleven o'clock, and as it was soon noised about that no fare was to be demanded for the trip, a long train of eight large cars was speedily filled. There were about five hundred on board.

The cars arrived at the Brookline station in twenty minutes from the time of starting, and after pleasant walk of about a mile, the company reached the lower end of the reservoir, and there entered the gate-house through which the water is delivered into the mains which conduct it through Roxbury into the city. This is a substantial and very handsome structure; with all the inside machinery of the very first order as to strength and beauty.

RECOVERED LAKE. A singular accident occured on the Michigan Central Railway. It became necessary to carry a grading or embankment of fifteen feet high, across a low piece of ground, containing about 100 acres, nearly dry enough for plough-land. When they had progressed with the grading for some distance, it became too heavy for the soil to support, the crust of the earth broke in, and the embankment sunk down into *seventy nine feet of water!* It appears that the piece of ground had been a lake, but had collected a soil of roots, peat, muck, &c., on its surface, apparently from ten to fifteen feet thick, which had become hardened and dry enough for farm purposes. Mr. Bucher, the engineer, thought it would have supported an embankment of five feet thickness, and that if it had not been necessary for them to have one much heavier, it would have supported the road, and the fact might never have been discovered that it rested on the bosom of a lake.

FATAL ACCIDENT. Mr. Richard Richardson, while felling a tree in the woods at Woburn, on the 11th instant, met with an accident which proved fatal. A limb from the tree which he was cutting down, fell upon his head, and extensively fractured his skull. He was alone, and and it is supposed lay helpless from before noon till near sundown, when his employer found him. He survived about sixty hours. The deceased was about fifty-five years of age, and leaves a large dependant family. [Journal.

BURNT TO DEATH. Maria L., aged 7 years a daughter of Mr. Charles L. Marble, of Roberts Meadow, Northampton, was so badly burnt on the 14th ult, by her clothes taking fire, that she died.

☞ All the election officers implicated in the Penn District fraud of October have been bound over to answer at the next Quarter Sessions.—The evidence in conclusive that the names of persons actually voting were suppressed and hundreds added to the tally lists which are entirely fictitious.

ARKANSAS. The Legislature of Arkansas was to assemble at Little Rock on the 6th inst. Two U. S. Senators to fill unexpired terms, and a U. S. Senator to serve from the 4th of March next will be chosen at this session.

The ship Timoleon, arrived at New Bedford, a few days since, from Bremon, brought 29,000 building bricks. The ship no doubt took them in for ballast.

RAILWAYS IN 1801. There has perhaps been no invention for centuries, which has effected so much for the advantage of mankind, as the application of steam to vessels on the water and carriages on the land. This astonishing improvement in the mode of communicating information, and conveying goods from one section of a country to another—and of travelling, must have the most beneficial tendency opon the condition and character of civilized man. By the following extract from a newspaper published in 1801, it will be seen that railroads were at that time viewed with an eye of favor among sagacious engineers—and recommended to be introduced into general use, notwithstanding the use of steam as a moving power on railroads was not discovered until years afterwards:

"A kind of canal mania seized the people of Great Britain about ten years ago, in consequence of the success of the Duke of Bridgewater's canal, of which about 33 miles were cut at the private expense of that indefatigable and persevering nobleman. His chief director was a Mr. Gilbert, of Worfley, near Manchester, under whom the well known Brindly was employed. Mr. Gilbert, who had been upwards of thirty years the chief manager of the Duke of Bridgewater, and whose opinions therefore deserved high respect, told the writer of this article that he thought *wooden Railways might profitably supersede canals.* Railways are strips of oak plank laid upon a level road, about 9 feet apart 2½ inches thick, and about 3-1-2 broad; the carriage runs upon these, the wheels being made to fit the rails thus laid: the horse goes in the middle track. In this way nearly three times the weight can be moved by one horse, that he can manage on a common road. Railways of this kind extend about seven miles around the town of Newcastle. In every coal (and I believe every other) mine in England, the coal or the ore is sent to the mouth of the pit upon railways: among the iron works of the Colebrook Dale, alone, there are nearly forty miles of iron railways, and the practice is extending throughout Great Britain.

U. S. DISTRICT COURT. *Arrests*—John Eldridge, Captain, and James E. Blethan and John Quin, first and second mates of the ship Liverpool, were arrested yesterday on the complaint of Francis Young, a black seaman, one of the crew, who accused them of cruel and unusual punishment, striking him with a rope and sundry other weapons. They were held to bail in the sum of $250 each.

Captain Eldridge then preferred a complaint against the complainant, Francis Young, for an attempt to create a revolt, drawing his knife on the captain, and threatening to stab him. He was held to bail in the sum of $100.

William Mason, first mate of the ship Admiral was arrested on a complaint of cruel and unusual punishment inflicted upon Johnathan Palmer, the cook of the vessel, who accuses him with having thrown hot coffee in his face, cubbed him at the windlass, &c. He was held to bail in the sum of one hundred dollars. [New York Courier.

FROM NEW BRUNSWICK. Our correspondent at St. John writes to us, under date of Tuesday—

The weather is very cold. The St. John river near Fredericton, is frozen over, so that the steamers are obliged to discontinue running.—The Senator steamer leaves here next Tuesday for the last time. It is supposed that it will be the 20th of December before the Telegraph line is completed from this city to Portland Maine. By the next English mail it is expected that advices will be received whether an American boat will be permitted to run across the Bay of Funday, to carry expresses from Halifax to this place, and from thence telegraphed to Boston.—If consent is not given, the steamer Maid of Erin will be taken up.

THE MAYORALITY; At a metting of the county and ward convention held last evening, the Hon. John P. Bigelow was nominated as the whig candidate for the Mayoralty for the year 1849. Mr. Bigelow is a gentleman of large experience, having been president of the Council, Secretary of State, and a member of the Executive Council of the State for many years. Mr. Quincy, who has served three years in the office, declined being a candidate for reelection.

MEETING OF THE LEGISLATURE. His Excellency the Governor issued a Proclamation, dated Thursday calling on the General Court to assemble at the State House, in Boston, on Thursday the 23d inst, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon, for the purpose of appointing the number of Electors of President and Vice President, to which the Commonwealth is entitled. Circulars will forthwith be issued to each member of the two branches conveying this information.

The Governor and Council are now examining the official returns of the votes for President and Vice President of the United States, to be submitted to the Legislature on their assembling, at the extra session on Thursday next.

ALLEGED FRAUDS IN SOUTH PENNSYLVANIA.—Yesterday evening, a final hearing in the case of the persons implicated in the alleged frauds in South Pennsylvania District, at the late election for Governor, was had before Alderman Erety, and resulted in eight of the number being held to bail in $500 each, to answer at the December term of the Court of Sessions. Only one of the accused, the Inspector, was discharged.—[Philadelphia Inquirer of Wednesday.

INAUGURATION DAY. It seems that the 4th of March, the day designated by the Constitution for the inauguration of a new President of the U. S. falls this year on Sunday. The National Intelligencer says that this has occured but once before since the adoption of the present Constitution, viz., in the year 1821, and it will not happen again until the year 1877. It will, we presume, occur about three times in every century; or once in every 28 years.

The question has been raised, who will be President on the 4th of March next, should the ceremony of inauguration be deferred to the 5th, as it undoubtedly will be?

FATAL FALL. Yesterday afternoon, James Hosun, one of the ostlers belonging to the stable connected with the Patterson House, Elm street, fell through the scuttle in the stable loft. He struck upon his head, and was instantly killed. He was an unmarried man, about 35 years of age, and came from [illegible]. his brother was accidentally killed. [Post.

On the 1st of October the decree for the complete emancipation of the Jews of the Roman States came into force. They are thereby declared fit for the exercise of all civil rights.

The Hon. Albert Gallatin, who was supposed to be at the point of death, is recovering. His mental faculties are unimpaired.

ROXBURY. Extensive arrangements are making in Roxbury, for a magnificent display of illuminations, bone-fires, fireworks, &c., on Monday evening next.

MUNICIPAL COURT. In this Court, yesterday, John Tilman and Ellen Jackson, (both colored) were severally convicted of larceny. James Dunlene and John R. Flaherty, minors, were jointly convicted of an indecent assault on two very young females, and James was sentenced to serve out his minority at the State Reform School.

Sentences. Hathorne Avery, convicted of cheating by false pretences, in passing Chase's shop bills for legal currency, was sentenced to the States Prison for one year. He is quite a young man, and belongs to Kennebunk, Me. Ellen Jackson, larceny, one year in the House of Correction; John Tilman, larceny, same term John Donnavan, assaulting his wife with a brick, was fined $50, and put under bonds of $100 to keep the peace.

THE STABBING CASE. In the Police Court yesterday, the case of Antoine Nider, mate of the Turkish brig Ararat, charged with stabbing Eugene O'Neil; came up, and a full examination of the affair was gone into, as far as the principal witness, who was complainant, could be believed. The matter not being within the jurisdiction of this Court, his Honor held Nider to bail in $100 to answer at the Court above. Subsequently, the affair was adjusted between the complainant and prisoner; and the latter was discharged on paying costs of Court. His vessels sails to-day or to-morrow. [Mail.

MONEY MATTERS.

The favorable indications in the money market which were apparent last week, have not proved of a permanent character, and the actual change for the better has been trifling. Since the election of General Taylor has been made certain there has been a more cheerful feeling among business men, and for a few days there was more money offering at lower prices than before.

This was particularly the case in New York, where there was an increased activity in fancy stocks, at advanced prices. A sudden check was, however, experienced on the receipt of the foreign news, giving information of a continued decline in Cotton and Breadstuffs in England. Exchange on London advanced to 9 a 9 1-4 premium, and as usual on such occasions, the Banks and money lenders were alarmed, and weak stocks had a sudden fall. Shipments of specie have again commenced, but the amounts exported are supposed to be more than made good by the sums brought into the country by emigrants.

The Cotton crop of the present year, at the reduced value in Europe, will fall short of paying for such imports as have been made for two years past. As these are now decreasing, and our exports are increasing in bulk, if not in value, there is reason to hope the alternative of paying balances in specie may be avoided. It is probable that very few, if any, new Railroad projects will be started the coming year, as the public have been surfeited with investments for which they can hardly realize 50 to 75 per cent. If this is so, a large amount which has been annually sent abroad for many years, for Railroad Iron, will be kept at home, and in the mean time our own Iron Mills may be again in operation. The Manufacturing interests of the country are at present much depressed, more especially those of Cotton, Woolen and Iron. The stocks of very few of the Companies are above par, and many of them depressed from 5 to 30, and even 60 per cent. Still the general business of the country is in a tolerably healthy state, and the prospects of improvement are better now than for a long time. The fact that so few failures had occurred during a severe pressure of over a year's continuance, proves the strength of our merchantile, and gives promise of stability for the future.

The demand for money during the week has not materially lessened, but negotiations for first class paper have been made at lower rates, say one per cent per month. Money is still wanted however on fair securities at 1 1-4, and even 1 1-2 per cent.—The demand for Stocks for investment is very limited, and the daily transactions are small. U. S. Stocks and City Scrip have improved in value, and the following Railroad Stocks have advanced during the week.

Boston and Lowell	½ ¶ ct.	present prices offered		108½
Boston & Worcester	½ ¶ ct.	"	"	107½
Boston & Providence	1¼ ¶ ct.	"	"	88½
Northern, N. H	2½ ¶ ct.	"	"	89½
Vermont Central	2 ¶ ct.	"	"	52½

Holders of Vermont and Mass R. R. Stock have declined selling without a considerable advance, since the meeting of the Stockholders which authorised the raising of funds to finish the road by the sale of Bonds. The time for subscribers for new Stock at $50, has been extended to Dec. 1, but as only 48 is now asked for the old Stock, it is hardly probable that the new will be taken at that rate.

The Fitchburg Railroad Co. have voted to create new stock, one share to every four old ones. The circular issued by the Company states that this addition to their capital "will be sufficient to complete the entire second track, pay for ten new engines of the largest class, a large number of freight and passenger cars, purchased this season, and to complete the extensive freight arrangements at Charlestown, which will be required for the large business of the connecting roads."

The stock of this Company is now selling, with the right to new stock off, at 109, and as the rights sell for 1,25, it accounts for an apparent decline in the price, which was 110 1-2 last week. [Traveller.

HUMBLE ORIGIN OF LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEN. What have evening hours done for mechanics who had only ten hours toil? What in the mortal, what in the religious, what in the scientific world! Hearken to these facts! One of the best editors the Westminster Review could ever boast, and one of the most brilliant writers of the passing hour, was a cooper in Aberdeen. One of the editors of a London daily journal was a baker in Elgin; perhaps the best reporter on the Times was a weaver in Edinburgh; the editor of the Witness was a blacksmith in Dundee; another was a watchmaker in Banff; the late Dr. Milner of China, was a herdboy in Rhynia; the Principal of the London Missionary Society's College at Hong Kong, was a saddler at Huntly: the leading mechanist on the London and Birmingham Railway, with £7000 a year was a mechanic in Glasgow; and perhaps the richest iron-founder in England was a working man in Moray. Sir James Clark, her Majesty's physician, was a druggist in Banff. Joseph Hume was a sailor first, and then a laborer at the pestle and mortar at Montrose; Mr. McGregor the member for Glasgow was a poor boy in Rosshire; Mr. Wilson, the member for Westbury, was a ploughman in Haddington; and Arthur Anderson, the member for Orkney; earned his bread by the sweat of his brow in the Ultima Thule. [English paper.

LIFE AND LITERATURE IN ARKANSAS. The Fort Smith Herald of Oct. 18, gravely records the following remarkable incidents:—

On Friday morning last, a scene was enacted at the Academy in this place, which we are bound to chronicle as a matter of history connected with our town, as follows:—One of Mr. Stedham's sons, a small boy, complained to his parents of having been ill treated in some way by Mrs Sabine, teacher of the smaller scholars, and sister of the principal, Mr. M. A. Lynde.

On the morning above mentioned, about the hour when school is taken in, Mr. and Mrs Stedman proceeded to the Academy; the former went into the larger room, where the Principal was engaged, and the latter went into the room where the infant school is taught, and immediately drew out from under her shawl a cowhide, and gave Mrs. Sabine, who did not suspect any such design, several stripes with it about the body and neck, which caused great alarm and confusion among the scholars. The lady with the cowhide, however, was taken away, and peace was soon restored to the school.

In the afternoon of the same day, Mrs. Stedham was arrested and brought before Justice Pearson, and fined fifty dollars and costs of suit, and held to bail to keep the peace.

DEATH OF GENERAL JAMES TAYLOR, AFTER VOTING. The Cincinnati papers announce the was 80 year gentleman at Newport, Ky. He been declining in health, and for the past has months had been confined to his room. Early in the morning of the Presidential election day, he requested that the judges of the election would receive his vote. They accordingly waited at his bedside, when he gave the first vote recorded in Newport that day, for his relative, Gen Zachary Taylor. Having thus performed his last public duty he gradually sank into the arms of death, and closed his life, as the sunset closed a day remarkable in political annals. He was Quarter-master General of the North Western Army, during ne last war with England.—He was one of the officers designated by Gen. Hull, to draw up the articles for his surrender, which he indignantly refused to do.

General Taylor left a very large property, being perhaps the largest landed proprietor in the West. His estate which is estimated at four millions, will descend to a son and three daughters.

REPRESENTATIVE FROM BOSTON. The Herald of last evening contains a list of votes for all the candidates for Representatives to the General Court in this city. It appears that Ward 4 gave the largest Whig vote, and Elisha H. Allen and Osmyn Brewster 1107, the largest number. On the Democrat ticket, Ward 11 gave the largest vote for the candidates of that party, and they generally had 227, but Louis Dennis and Watson Freeman had 229, which is two votes ahead of their pal. On the Free Soil ticket Ward 11 gave the largest vote, and Sidney Homer had the best, 384, which was one vote ahead of his part [Courier.

The London Morning Post says that the recent revolution in the continent have caused such large quants of diamonds to be sent to England, that it has become difficult to sell those jewels.

DOINGS IN SOUTH CAROLINA. Meetings are often held in South Carolina, which manifest an overweening vanity on the part of the people, and a degree of folly, which places them in an awkward and somewhat ludicrous light before the country. We see in the southern papers, that a public meeting was lately held at Orangeburg, S. C., for the purpose of considering the continued agitation by Congress of the question of Slavery. The Hon. S. Glover was called to the Chair. A Committee of twenty-five was appointed and subsequently reported through their Chairman, Gen. Jamison. From the Preamble we copy the following passage.

"The time has arrived when the Slaveholding States of this Confederacy must take decided action upon the continued attacks of the North against our domestic institutions, or submit in silence to that humiliating position in the opinions of mankind that longer acquiescence must inevitably seduce them. Forbearance is often a virtue with nations as with individuals; but when it involves the loss of position or character in either, it is rash, dishonorable submission. If the South will permit the Constitution to be trampled under foot; if she is willing to become a fixed minority, used only to assist in registering edicts for a jealous, hostile and unjust majority, who admit no rule to govern but their own wills, and no measure but the keenest conception of their own interest, it is best that it should be known to us at once, and that we should endeavor to accommodate ourselves, as we may, to a state of things so degrading.

That such will be the inevitable result of longer submission to the incessant attacks on our character and institutions, your Committee cannot for a moment doubt, unless the South shall take firm and concerted action to prevent it. The agitation of the subject of slavery commenced in the fanatical murmurings of a few scattered Abolitionists, to whom it was a long time confined; but now it has swelled into a torrent of popular opinion at the North; it has invaded the fireside and the church, the press and the halls of legislation, it has seized upon the deliberations of Congress, and at this moment is sapping the foundations, and about to overthrow the fairest political structure that the ingenuity of man has ever devised."

The subjoined are the most important of the resolutions, all of which were adopted unanimously:

"*Resolved*, That the continued agitation of the question of slavery by the people of the non-slaveholding States, by their Legislatures, and by their Representatives to Congress, exhibits not only a want of national courtesy, which should always exist between kindred States, but is a palpable violation of good faith towards the slave-holding States, who adopted the present Constitution "in order to form a more perfect Union."

Resolved, That while we acquiesce in adopting the boundary between the slave-holding and non-slave-holding States, known as the Missouri Compromise line, *we will not submit to any further restriction upon the rights of any Southern man to carry his property and his institutions into territory acquired by Southern treasure and by Southern blood.*

Resolved, That should the Wilmot Proviso, or any similar restriction, be applied by Congress to the Territories of the United States, north of 36 deg. 30 min. north latitude, we recommend to our Representative in Congress, as the decided opinion of this portion of his district, *to leave his seat in that body and return home.*

Resolved, That upon the return of our Senators and Representatives in Congress, the Legislature of South Carolina should be forthwith assembled, to adopt such measures as the exigency may demand."

These good people of Orangeburg, who seem so needlessly to have lashed themselves into a high state of excitement, should recollect that they are not South Carolina—neither is South Carolina more than a small portion of the Southern States.

DEATH OF AN ECCENTRIC CHARACTER. Yesterday morning, William G. Baylies, 63 years of age, died in this city, leaving a property valued at over $200,000. For six months past, says the Traveller, the deceased has confined himself entirely to his room, refusing to see any one—even his own brother—but the lady at whose house he boarded. He has not, during the whole time, washed himself or shaved; has changed his linen only when he could no longer keep it on him: and has patched his clothes until little or nothing of the original cloth could be seen. He has, so far as is known, taken nothing of late but strong coffee without milk. He refused to the last to take any medicine or to see a physician.

ARMY INTELLIGENCE. United States transport ship Rhode Island, left New Orleans 3rd inst, with companies A and E 1st Artillery, and E 3d Artillery, for New York. The following officers accompanied them:—1st Lieut. James B Rickets, 1st Artillery, commanding; Assistant Surgeon R. H. Coolidge; Brevet Major J. F. Reynolds, 3d Artillery; 1st Lieut. A Doubleday, 1st Artillery; 2d Lieut. D. M Beltzhoover, 1st Artillery; 2d Lieut. O. H. Tillinghast, A. C. S., 1st Artillery; Brevet 2d Lieut. J. C. Tidball, 3d Artillery.

The 5th Infantry, under Col. Miles, has nearly reached its destination of the Arkansas. The head quarters will be at Fort Gibson, with garrisons at Fort Towson, Fort Ouachita and Fort Smith. The regiment was reviewed by Gov. Drew, at Little Rock, on the 20th ult.

[New Orleans Picayune, 4th inst.

Mr. Brisbane, one of our American social reformers, is out against the merchants in a very truculent style. "Commerce as now conducted" he says, "is the vilest of all pursuits; it is the most debasing; it calls out the greatest degree of selfishness, the lowest scheming and cunning; indeed it thoroughly perverts and corrupts the human heart." Pretty well that! We doubt if the learned "chief of the group of indoctrination" could pen anything more profound. Nevertheless, we fancy, that neither commerce nor credit will perish in consequence, and that stocks will continue to rise.

THE FIRST SNOW STORM. A north easter set in here on Saturday morning, and between 8 and 9 in the evening it commenced snowing. At midnight the city presented a beautiful appearance, everything being covered with a white mantle to the depth of two or three inches—a rain succeeded before morning, and today it is dark, dreary and cold, though without rain. [N. Y. Evening Post, of Monday.

THE MURDER OF COLEMAN. The case of John Agan, charged with the murder of young Coleman, on the night of the 3d instant, was finally disposed of by Judge Parsons, on Saturday. The accused was ordered to give bail in $6000, to answer to the homicide before a jury, at the proper tribunal. (Philadelphia North American.

FOUND IN BED. An old man, named Edwin Wilson, [illegible] years of age, was found dead in bed on Saturday morning at [illegible]'s lodging house, in Richmond street. He is supposed to have died of disease of the heart.

THE WEATHER. The Buffalo Daily Courier says—"We measured the snow on Thursday morning on a level spot where the wind could not drift it, and found it to be twenty-six inches deep. An old resident sitting at our elbow says he does not recollect such a fall of snow since 1836."

LEGISLATIVE SNEEZING. The Savannah Republican of the 8th instant, perpetrates the following joke:—It will be seen by reference to our telegraphic head that Mr. Calhoun took snuff yesterday at two o'clock, P. M., whereupon 129 members of the South Carolina Legislature sneezed.

HEAVY VERDICT. In the case of the East Hartford Bridge Company vs. the town of East Hartford, for ferry tolls, tried in the Supreme Court at Hartford, last week, the jury rendered a verdict of $14,000 and costs for the plaintiff.

COWHIDING AFFAIR. Mr. A. W. Thompson, arrested for an assault of this kind upon Mr. Woodward, Cashier of the Manufacturers' and Mechanics' Bank, at Philadelphia, was on Saturday adjudged to pay a fine of $50, and be imprisoned for ten days.

HINGHAM. In the list of 917 voters in the town of Hingham, Mass., there are only 239 different names. There are 56 Herseys, 42 Cushings, 28 Spragues, 36 Lincolns, 36 Gardners, 35 Stodders, 21 Whitons, and so on.

ANTI SLAVERY IN DELAWARE. The Wilmington (Del.) paper says of the mammoth petition for the abolition of slavery in that state "the matter of the petition is such that but few, if any, will object to sign it. The papers of Kentucky and other States, where there is actually a large amount of slavery, are discussing means to get rid of it. Why should Delaware, where we own so few, remain cursed with it. Had there been no slavery in Kent, the land instead of selling for $10, $5, $4, $3, and even as low as $1, per acre, would like the land of New-Castle County, sell for $50 and $100 per acre."

The Jonesborough Whig represents the hostility to the extension of Slavery which prevails in East Tennessee as strong and decided, and believes that if concentrated, it would be the prevailing element in local politics.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, Nov. 8, Mr Lawrence H. Kurr to Miss Elizabeth, daughter of the late Nathaniel Bradlee, Esq.

Nov. 13, Mr Charles H. Fuller to Miss Ellen L. Gwinn.

15th inst, Mr William S. Goodrich to Miss Sarah E. Fox.

15th inst, Mr Elisha James of Jamaica Plain to Miss Mary A. Everett of Cambridge.

In Cambridge, 14th inst, Mr Lucien S. Southard to Miss Elizabeth W. Bignall.

In Quincy, 15th inst, Mr Joseph L. Gregg of New Hampshire to Miss Abby L., eldest daughter of Samuel Curtis, Esq., of Quincy.

In N. E. Village, by Rev W. C. Richards, Mr Truman W. Rice to Miss Lydia A. Howe, both of Grafton.

In East Boston, Nov. 12, Mr Thomas L. Manson to Miss Eliza E. Vance, both of Boston.

In Charlestown, Mr Andrew Haskell to Miss Charlotte Ann Hewes Clapp of Boston.

At Newton Corner, Nov. 8, Mr Hiram, W. French of New Bedford to Miss Mary E. Wilder of Newton Corner.

In Lowell, Nov. 11, Mr J. Harrington Mann of Boston, to Miss Philena W. Dupee of Lowell.

In Concord, N. H., 15th inst, by Rev N. Bouton, Mr Robert E. Jones of Brooklyn, L. I., to Miss Priscilla H., eldest daughter of Samuel A. Kimball, Esq., of Concord.

In Plymouth, 12th inst, Charles W. Colton of Boston to Miss J. Maria, daughter of Robert Capen, M. D.

In Bristol, N. H., 5th inst, Israel Lombard, Jr., of Boston to Susan, daughter of Francis Kidder, Esq., of Bristol.

In Tiverton, R. I., 9th inst, Christy Davis of Boston to Eleanor, daughter of Abraham Barker of Tiverton.

In Worcester, 8th inst, at the Pleasant Street Church, by Rev Mr Aldrich of Framingham, Mr Daniel Howard of Randolph to Miss Mary A., daughter of Mr H. B Dickinson.

DEATHS.

In this city, 11th inst, Jane Elizabeth, daughter of the late Barnabas M. Daggett of Millbury, and formerly of New Haven, Ct., 15.

8th inst, after an illness of three years, Samuel B. Leavitt, 50.

11th inst, of typhus fever, Elizabeth G., wife of Eben Bartlett, 43.

12th inst, Enoch Hale, M. D., 58.

11th inst, of typhoid measles, Joseph Boardman, son of Joseph C. and Ann E. Somerby, 2 yrs 11 mos.

13th inst, Charles Henry, only child of Charles H. and Sarah E. Atwood, 15 mos.

14th inst, Mr John Keefe, 96.

11th inst, very suddenly, Joseph Colby, 71.

14th inst, Miss Lucy M. Whitney, formerly of Watertown, 73.

15th inst, Cordelia Burgess, only daughter of Charles and Harriette Howard, 4½ yrs.

In Roxbury, 12th inst, Miss Maria P. Seabury, 26.

In Charlestown, 13th inst, Benjamin, son of Mr Henry Mirick, 23.

12th inst, George Edward, eldest son of Mr Andrew Sawtell, 15.

In West Cambridge, Oct. 28, Silvy Bracey, 58.

In Newton Corner, 8th inst, of croup, Ellen W., only child of Isaac R., and Adeline Saunderson, 3 yrs 8 mos 15 days.

Her home has lost its sweetest charm,
And parents hearts are wrung with grief,
Yet pillow'd on her Savior's arm,
From every pain she's found relief.

In Beverly, Mrs Mehitable Harris, 84 yrs 5 mos.

In Burlington, Mass., 8th inst, of consumption, Mrs Selina, wife of Richard Alley, and youngest daughter of Mrs Rebecca Wood, 19.

In Worcester, 11th inst, Emma A., wife of Mr J. Lincoln Bangs, and daughter of Jonathan Ballou of Woonsocket, R. I., 23.

In Springfield, 12th inst, Rev Albert A. Folsom, Pastor of the Universalist Church, 42.

NUMBER OF DEATHS IN BOSTON, for the week ending Saturday noon, was 53; males 27; females 26; stillborn 4.

Causes—Infantile 11; consumption 10; scarlet fever 5; teething 5; convulsions 4; typhus fever 3; dropsy on the brain 3; lung fever 2; marasmus 2; ulcers 2; disease of heart 2; Erysipelas 2; drowned 2; disease of the bowels, diarrhœa, measles, accidental, old age, dropsy, disease of the brain, and influenza, 1 each.

MINIATURE ALMANAC.

[For the week commencing Nov 19.]

Days of the Week.	Sun Rises.	Sun Sets.	Moon Rises	Length of Days.
SUNDAY.	6 55	4 55	0 49	9 40
MONDAY.	6 57	4 35	1 45	9 38
TUESDAY.	6 58	4 34	2 42	9 36
WEDNESDAY.	6 59	4 33	3 40	9 34
THURSDAY.	7 0	4 32	4 38

GRAIN.

...The demand for Flour ...te, and prices have not ...re common brands, hav ...brands, 5,a6.50; Ohio ...56¼a5.62½; Ohio round ...5.62½ for common, and ...f Southern, there is a ...150 bls Fredericksburg ...; 5.50 per bl, 4 mos.— ...37½a3.50 per bl, cash.— ...ush.

...have been considerable, ...good supply, is a shade ...and dull; a lot of new ...rance, 62c6le per bush, ...ling 35a36c; Southern, ...Rye is more pleaty, ...per bu cash.

P. M. Prices of bread- ...e higher prices are gen- ...tions on account of the ...yellow corn can be hat at ...n Flour has been sold in ...ternally asked.

...with very little if any ...ut a moderate business ...Western Flour we quote ...«Village Mills," sold, ...ntheru round yellow corn ...s were sold together at ...astern wheat, $1.04 bus, ...rrance, 1,26a$1,27; rye ...Northern rye Flour, ...hiskey, 23½c.

...— Sales 2000 bbls at ...and Western, and 5,37½ ...ncisco; at the close Os- ...h figure on good brands ...5.50, and some small lots, ...d 5.56½. Grain—Sales ...ore 12½c; but a moder- ...; samples of two-rowed ...5,000 bu 63½c for mixed, ...64.65c for four-rowed ...r choice. Rye is 63c for ...a good supply; sales 10,- ...to high mixed Corn 65c. ...ffer for shorts and second

MARKET.

...ovember 16.

Ploughman.]

...report; about 250 unsold, ...dvanced about 25c per bun- ...rchaps 1 per hundred.

...sold readily, especially the ...mall number of Beeves sold ...and down to $5,75 as in ...

...eep and Lambs. ...$1.25, $1,50, $1,75, ...$1.62. ...d, at $1,50. ...t. A small advance was ...ened, and in a few cases a ...

MARKET, Oct. 13. At ...0 from the Southern, rest ...re, and 3800 Sheep and ...Cattle, the most week, ...t, and prices fully up to ...ort. The supply of retail- ...er cwt, as in quality,— ...indispensed of. Cows and ...50. Sheep and Lambs— ...$2,50, and Lambs $1a$2,-

STOCKS,

...EN BROWN & SONS.]

...esday.]

...R, 99½ per ct adv; ...ennsylvania RR, 93 per sh; ...for $50. ...Cambridge RR, $20 pr sh; ...Mill Dam Co, $43½ per sh; ...er sh; ...ERS' BOARD.]

...1004; ...52½a52¾; ...1075; ...1075; ...1075

THE POET'S CORNER.

LABOR.

In every temple swelling toward the skies
Hard handed Labor is the corner-stone,
And as such should be precious in all eyes,
For if it fail the whole is overthrown,
And on its ruins Want may sit and moan;
The toiling masses are the REAL MEN,
The pearls and shining gold are all their own;
And when they learn their worth, and not till then,
Earth will be truly great—a thing that hath not been.

The world were happy, if that every soul
Knew that it was a soul of priceless worth;
War's angry thunders would no longer roll,
Shaking in maniac fury all the earth,
To give one man an hour of he'lish mirth;
The smiling fields would bless the tiller's hand,
Unsoaked with blood, undoomed to years of dearth,
Which leave them barren as the ocean's strand,
That lives in battle may be cheap as grains of sand.

That uncouth being that thou scornest so,
With rough, soiled hand, familiar with the ground,
And look of care, and body bended low,
Is a true man whose worth doth more abound
Than those for whom loud, boastful trumpets sound;
Let him, and such as him, once truly find,
What in dim gropings will one day be found,
That in his brain lies undeveloped mind,
And chains and fetters thenceforth will be woven wind.

Oh! it is sweet to toil, if toil may reap
The golden harvest, that its hand hath sown;
The weary millions, led like silly sheep,
Should stop and think, if they no portion own,
If they may never gather where their hand hath strown.
If men are men, then all have equal right,
And the huge tyrannies that long have thrown
A deepening shadow on their path of light,
Should all come thundering down beneath an arm of might.

Let knowledge once be wide-spread as the air,
All ears drink in the magic of her voice,
And no proud few will crave the Lion's share—
Men will be rulers by the People's choice,
And plenty, fairly shared, make all rejoice;
No need of clanging steed, nor cannon's roar,
Nor gurgling blood to plead with hollow voice;
With ignorance, all tyranny is o'er,
And might, usurping Right, will vex the world no more.

The power of thought transcends all other power;
Then what shall be when ALL have learned to think?
Can weak Oppression bind them for an hour?
When men are men, will sinewed millions shrink
Before one man, and tremble if he wink?
The world moves onward; let the weary hope—
The steps of Wrong are tending to a brink,
Where its dull eye for once will widely ope,
Yet see beyond the verge no smooth and grassy slope.

[National Era.

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

The Start in Life.

A TALE.

'WELL, Cousin Danby, so Mary is going to be married? I rode over to hear all about it, and to ask how soon I am to wish you joy.'

'Thank you kindly John,' replied the mother of the bride-elect, her face beaming with smiles: 'indeed you should have been the first to hear the news, only you were away at the assizes; for often and often Mary said to me that there was no one in the world on whose advice she would depend, or to whose opinion she would look up more entirely, than your own, not that Mary felt any doubts as to her choice, she knew him all her life, and so do we all—as good a gentleman bred and born as in all Ireland: indeed for that matter, much better than Mary had any right to expect: but she did often say had you been at home before matters were entirely settled, she would have liked to consult you as to what you thought best.'

With all patience and attention John Travers listened, knowing well that in erruption would only add to the intricacy of the narrative. Now, however, at a pause he inquired where was Mary; but without heeding the inquiry, Mrs. Danby proceeded in her harangue. Mary's intended husband, Frank Nugent, had got a wonderful catch of a farm on lease from Mr. Jones, and everything no doubt would go on beautifully. There could not have been a better start in life!

'And where is the capital to encounter so large an undertaking?'

'Oh Mary, you know has a hundred pounds, and Frank will probably get something from his brother George.'

'Umph,' said John Travers. 'The bargain is not completely made!'

'Quite settled,' answered Mrs. Danby with a look full of satisfaction. 'The lease was drawn and signed a fortnight ago. Tradesmen are in the house, and most part of the furniture is come home. Mary has not quite fixed the day, but I have an idea it is now not very far off.'

'I did not expect to hear matters had gone so far,' said John gravely; 'though guessing pretty well long ago how they would end. As you say, their choice does credit to them both; and yet I confess, Cousin Danby, I more than share in Mary's anxieties regarding the future; and as *my* notions are my own, I am afraid I cannot so easily lay them by. But tell me, how did Frank Nugent come by such a bargain? Mr. Jones has the name of being a hard and griping agent, and very few real bargains, as I hear, ever passed through his hands.'

'Oh, but Frank is very different from the generality of his tenants,' replied the widow. 'No wonder if Mr. Jones made a compliment to him; or most likely the family had interest with Sir Hugh himself, and got the place for Frank without any thanks to the agent. Indeed it seems so natural to me that any of the Nugents could get a farm whenever they choose to look for it, that I never thought of making it a subject of inquiry.'

'Interest—interest—the Irish look too much to doing things through interest,' said John Travers composedly.

'And all right, too, if they have not a fortune of their own,' replied Mrs. Danby. 'But tell me, Cousin John, what you would have recommended.'

'That is soon done. I should have advised Mary and her intended husband to wait a little till better times, or at all events not to have started with a heavy farm on their hands, but, in preference, to have opened a shop in town. I know one, with a stock to boot, which is at present to be had for a comparatively small sum.'

'A shop! Did you say a shop! Our family have never descended to the meanness of trade—I am glad I was the first, and I hope the last, to hear of your doubtless well meaning, but unsuitable proposal. It would ill become any of Mary's relations to teach Frank Nugent that his position was lowered by his marriage.'

'Well, cousin, no offence meant either to you or the Nugents, or least of all to dear little Mary. I wish to see her and her husband independent, what they never will be at the fag end of what you call their position. Gladly would I have done something to spare Mary the weary struggle of keeping up false appearances—done anything but quench her heart's young joy. Remember that, Cousin Danby, I would not thwart this marriage—I would not even say it was inconsiderate or ill-advised, though many might agree with me—for I know them both thoroughly; they are good, honest, loving, and in the end they will pull through.'

Luckily, as Mrs. Danby remarked, the advice and the forebodings were both too late, and John Travers was too wise and too kind to offer unpurfluous counsel; so he bided his time, contenting himself for the present—with forwarding their preparations as far as lay in his power, avoiding all discussions of ways and means. Mary alone, perhaps, read his silence aright—his forbearance; but as this was a point on which her doubts had been stifled by the hand which was to provide for the future, she determined in the fullness of her womanly trust, that no other should revive them again; and thus the subject was tacitly dropped, while both in their own way looked as happy and hopeful on the day of the wedding as if no cloud from the future had ever shadowed their minds.

Happy and hopeful!—those were no words for Mrs. Danby; she was actually radiant as carriage and jaunting car drove up to her door, and the full tide of compliments and congratulations poured in. To do her justice, her hopes and her plans were all centered in her daughter; her dreams of ambition only through her; she still had her dreams, but they were about to be realised, and she was contented to shine for the future with reflected light.

Mrs. Danby was the widow of an officer, who, some twenty years before, when quartered in this her native village captivated by her blooming face, had married and taken her away. She returned at his death with one little daughter judging from experience that the slender provision, which was scarce better than poverty amongst strangers, would seem quite a fortune in the eyes of her humbler connections at home; and by good management, and keeping her own counsel, it really answered all the purposes of a fortune in her hands. Every one hastened to welcome her, every one tried to assist—all gave her credit for genuine feeling in returning to her early home and friends—none suspected that necessity had influenced her choice, and all at once she found herself, for the first time in her life, a person of consequence in the circle in which she lived. But, unreasonable woman, this did not satisfy her; she had been all her life clinging to the edge of another and could know no contentment until she had slipped herself fairly in. Had her ambition been for Mary only, it might have been abundantly gratified; her sweet looks and manner unconsciously won their way in circles where her father had been intimate many years ago. But no one thought it requisite to include Mrs. Danby in the attentions paid to her daughter; and each solitary invitation would have been a source of fresh vexation, had she not regarded Mary as the stepping stone by which her wishes were to be accomplished in the end.

It might have been a false and mortifying position for Mary to find herself accepted on a memory that had all but passed away, while her actual connections remained unnoticed and unknow—even her mother. But *she* had too much tact ever to complain; instinctively she stood in awe of Mary's true heart—her single mind: she knew her daughter would never mix in society where her mother was rejected; and still hoping on, made her present retirement seem both to Mary and her own companions quite a matter of choice.

How often would Mary, in the midst of her pleasant anticipations of some party, lay down her simple attire with a sigh, and exclaim—"Oh mamma, what a pity that you too may not wear a white muslin—then you need never stay at home from unwillingness to spend money in a suitable dress; though shame for me," she would add, throwing her arms round her neck, "to give even this as a reason, when I know too well you lost all heart for amusement before ever you came here!"

And again, how often would the mother scan the sweet ingenuous face of her child, on her return from some excursion, to discover whether it bore any trace of the mortifications her own sensitive vanity always led her to apprehend.—But no; Mary, as we have said, was too true-hearted, too gentle, ever thus to suffer: she made no vain pretensions, and her companions were well contented to love her for what she really was; so well, that when Frank Nugent began to love her best of any, his sisters and his mother only hoped he would deserve her, and thought him fortunate indeed when he won her true and warm heart. Luckily they knew but little of Mrs. Danby, or of her boastful delight at "the connection;" little of worthy John Travers and his anxieties, else their judgments might have remained suspended between the hopes of the one and the fears of the other, until the scale had been turned against Mary herself.

Frank's eldest brother, George Nugent, indeed protested they were a couple of fools: Frank for selling his hunter, and giving up his free quarters at home; Mary for refusing a rich old squire, whose admiration had long been their standing joke. And confoundedly unreasonable, to use his own words, was Frank's request to be paid off the few hundreds, his portion as a younger son, and in fact all he could call his own. So the money not being *convenient*, George bestirred himself to find some equivalent. Mustering together two or three past obligations, and some unpleasant information which he had equally stored up, he now brought them to bear, in the friendliest manner on Mr. Jones the agent; received in return the lease of the farm, which Frank in his turn accepted in lieu of his claim—no unfrequent mode of management: and thus all the parties were pleased, the agent who gave only a nominal bargain; the brother, who cleared off an incumbrance on his property; the young lovers rejoicing in their own happiness and the goodwill of their friends, heedless that in one instance it had been purchased, and dearly too; and Mrs. Danby and John Travers both right in their conclusions. Mr. Nugent's interest had obtained the farm—Frank's money had secured that interest.

Some few, very few years had passed by, when whispers began to float about too much in the tone of John Travers's early forebodings: Mrs. Danby's countenance—a true barometer—no longer bright and exulting, revealed much that her lips were still far from uttering. She had moved down again to the lowly front parlor, again condescending to be amused by the movements of the village street; and if now and then she did ascend to her former quarters, and station herself again at the favorite window, it was no longer ostentatiously to point out "the residence of Mrs. Nugent," but to weep, where none could see her, over Mary's fallen prospects and her desolate home.

Perhaps had she visited it oftener she would have found less occasion for sorrow. How many griefs, how much of regret and disappointment, might we all find ourselves spared if we only took a sober and probable view of the future in the morning of life! In the morning of life? Yes; not that of the youthful dreamer, not that morning still gilt with the glories of the dawn; but of actual life, with its cares and business, on which few enter steadily without finding its reasonable promise fulfilled. But if Mrs. Danby was still a dreamer, it was not so with Mary. From the first she had been aware of her position, and determined to make the best of it.—She knew she could never expect to mingle on equal terms with the rich or great of their neighborhood; and wondering at her mother's extravagant anticipations, she gently, but decidedly, discouraged them at once, though pained to find her motives entirely misunderstood; her mother attributing the check to unwillingness on the part of Mary to allow her to participate in amusements which she could never believe would be voluntarily resigned. But Mary was firm even with Frank, though with him her part was different, more easy, yet more difficult: she was all in all to him, supplied the place of all; and yet he had been accustomed to so many things of which he never knew the value—things supplied without question in his brother's somewhat wasteful establishment—that she felt those minor privations must be a continual strain on his good-humor, and that on her devolved the task of preventing them from becoming a strain upon his love. She tried to give as modest a tone as possible to their establishment; to prove from the very first that superfluities were not necessaries; and that now, while life and joy were young, was the time to accustom themselves to life without indulgences which might be requisite, yet not attainable, in after years. But to do all this with a husband all his life accustomed to indiscriminating hospitality; always ready to enjoy the passing hour: whose favorite maxim was, "we'll never do it younger;" to do check efficiently, and yet not disagreeably; to check extravagance without infringing on real comfort; to lessen their circle of society, yet leave no wearisome blank; to choose so well and exert herself so well, that the few more than supplied the place of the many—this was surely an arduous task for quiet, unpretending little Mary; but she set about it with all her heart and all her spirit; and it was done.

She succeeded so well, that even George, who began by calling them fools, and indeed, as far as Frank was concerned, by verifying his words, was now fain to call him "a lucky dog." He would often escape from his own irregular home to enjoy the comfort and the quiet of their well-ordered dwelling; and was never better pleased than when one of Mary's fairy notes would furnish him with an excuse, by asking him to ride up "Lady Lilly," and give her to poor Frank for one day with the hounds; or to bring the greyhounds in the morning, that he might enjoy a day's cousing after his hard work all the week; and to remember all the while it must seem to come from himself, as Frank would be twice as much delighted then. "Yes, Frank is a lucky dog; she is a woman in a thousand," was always George's soliloquy as he hastened to obey her behests. But latterly it was uttered more slowly, more sadly, then, followed by an impatient burst. 'But where's the good of it all? Of all her good sense, all her good management, they have nothing to work on: I have nothing to spare them; and sooner or later, the crash must come at last.

It came sooner even than any anticipated; it came to them, as well as many another, in Ireland's fatal year. But though hastened by general calamity, it was not the less inevitable; for Frank had embarked far beyond his means, and no after-prudence could retrieve that step.—Ground imperfectly cultivated; shortcoming crops; cattle insufficiently housed and fed, dying in the hour of need, and those even purchased at a price nearly double their value "on time"—time that expired without bringing anything to satisfy its demands. At last, as we have said, that year came when none could afford to be indulgent, none could wait for money once due; debt after debt was demanded, and paid out of the produce of the farm as far as it went, in the hope that when the next gale came round, Mr. Jones too might give a little time. Vain hope! an ejectment was served; and Frank and Mary found at last that they had only to depend on each other's true heart for comfort and counsel under the long impending blow.

At least it was on that they each most relied in the hour of need. Though grateful to many friends who offered sympathy and assistance, they resolved to be independent for the future, however lowly might be their lot; and agreed there was no shame in honest poverty while they could truly say, according to the apostle's injunction, they "owed no man anything but love." George Nugent and John Travers were both included in the family council. George, really distressed, yet without the least notion of business, could offer no better suggestion than that they should sell all, and pay all and take up their quarters with him until better times. This offer he pressed on them warmly—kindly for he made it bear the aspect of a favor to himself.

"You will do us more good than can be told" dear Mary. Since my poor mother died the house is all at sixes and sevens; the girls know nothing of management, and I myself am going to the dogs. "Do half as much for us as you have already done for Frank, and we will have reason forever to bless the day you came amongst us."

There was a soft light in Mary's eyes as she turned them on her husband, if her gentle heart could have felt pride, it might have glowed at that moment to hear the head of the family, amidst all their ruin, declare that she had effectually done her part. But there was nothing in her look that spoke acceptance of the invitation: and Frank, reading it aright, while he gratefully thanked his brother, hastened to decline the offer for them both.

"No, George, it would never do for me to go back to our old ways: a relapse is always worse than the first disease; and Mary's care and trouble must go for nothing in the end. Besides there are the children."

"Oh, the more the merrier," interrupted George. "You know how fond I am of them already."

"Yes, too fond, dear George," said Mary affectionately; too fond of them and us. You would spoil us all; and you know there is not quite so much life before us now; we must be up and doing something to retrieve the years we have already let pass."

But what that something was to be—all now turned their eyes on steady John; while he in his turn hesitated, and seemed diffident of what he had to say. He looked at Mary—so soft and delicate, so apparently unequal to encounter the rough ways of the world—at Frank, with his somewhat proud and careless air, so unsuited to its lowlier paths—and again he looked reluctant to speak what was in his mind; but seeing that all three awaited his opinion, he commenced by asking Frank whether he would certainly give up the farm, and what surplus they hoped to retain after disposing of everything.

"The farm gives me up," answered Frank sadly. "I owe more than a year's rent, and can expect no allowance; so I suppose all I have will not do much more than pay. At most, I cannot have more than a hundred pounds clear after all."

"Then," said John Travers boldly, "that is nothing to live on, though something for a beginning, if turned to a good account. Move down to the village, and open a meal store; keep your three best horses, and have them continually on the road bringing it out from the ships; attend yourself—ay, and Mary too—to the sale from morning to night; and, mark my word—you will be richer before the year is over than you were in all your lives before."

He stopped short, like one who had made a desperate plunge without knowing the depth, and now hardly ventured to look at the faces around him. He might have seen an angry flush on that of George, as he turned hastily to the window and began beating time upon the pane: Mary's eyes were cast down, and her fair cheek a little pale; Frank silent and thoughtful, but calmer than any. He was the first to speak; and holding out his hand to John, said, "I believe you are right; I at any rate thank you sincerely for your straightforward, manly advice."

Mary had hardly time to raise her meek eyes, now filled with approving tears, when George turning round, exclaimed impetuously, "it is advice that shall never be followed. What, man, are you mad, to think of disgracing us all! Mary, will you speak, and bring him to reason? Make him accept my offer; come and live with me; and I'll see Dillon or O'Brien, and get them to use their interest to have him put upon the roads, or under the poor law; anything in fact, rather than see him selling meal."

But Mary did not speak. She knew that any of the situations mentioned so ambiguously by her brother-in-law, even if attainable, were altogether precarious, expedients in the evil days, which all trusted would not last. No—much more gladly would she have seconded her cousin's advice; and oh how thankful she felt that her influence was not needed, that her husband's own upright feelings prompted the courageous step.

She was silent; and George, after waiting vainly a few moments, at last lost all patience when Frank and John Travers commenced discussing the details of the proposed plan. Interrupting them again with a strong indignant protest, again offering his interest and his home when they should come to a rational mood, he took an abrupt leave, and rode away in a most discordant frame of mind: conscious that his conduct on their marriage deprived him of the right of interference now, and yet full of newly-awakened sympathy and affection prompting him to assume it.

But poor Mrs. Danby! What were her feelings when Frank and Mary were actually established behind a counter, and that too in the very village where she had always held her head so high—literally within sight of the spot where she lived! With delight she had heard of George's generous proposal. In her own words it would have been another feather in her cap to have her daughter presiding at Mount Nugent; in fact mistress of the house, and great in proportion was her indignation at the lot they had preferred. It even outrivalled that of George Nugent; and equally finding remonstrance vain, she retreated in wrath to the back apartment again, determined not to witness their fall.

John Travers once more—but now really hopeful—had assisted in all their arrangements; taken a house for them in the village; attended the auction; privately purchased Mary's favorite little articles of furniture and placed them in her new dwelling, so as to give it at once the air of home; put Frank's carriers in train, and his stores when they arrived: in short, smothered the difficulties that would have seemed almost insurmountable to those habituated to such different pursuits.

It surely was a hard struggle not only against the wishes and prejudices of those they each respected and loved, but even against lingering doubts and feelings scarce acknowledged by themselves. Nothing but a strong determination to do right, to act honestly in the eyes of all men, and independently in their own, could have given them courage; and the step was hardly taken, when they reaped their reward. It was first a day's wonder, than approbation followed. The worldly-minded said they knew what they were about; " the generous-hearted sympathised with them and warmly wished them success; but, dearest of all, they had the blessing of the poor. Each week and each month throughout that calamitious year the pressure became greater—louder and louder the cry for food; and what an unspeakable happiness to our young beginners to feel that in their hour of need they had been led into a way of life that enabled them to bear a share in alleviating the distresses of others!

The prudent foresight of John Travers had advised the purchase of a cargo early in the year, and his kindness had insisted on adding what was requisite to make up the sum. Prices afterwards rose, doubled, quadrupled, in the rage for speculation, in the necessity that parted with all to save existence; but to the covetous practices that disgraced the period Frank Nugent formed a bright exception: he ascertained, in the first instance, what was really a fair profit, and no after-circumstances could tempt him to deviate from the scale he had laid down. In this resolution he was confirmed by Mary, who would eagerly exclaim, "Oh yes! would that we could part with it for even less—would that we were better able to prove our gratitude for abundance while so many perish for want! Yes, dear Frank, let us not be only contented, but oh how thankful, if this year only leaves us as it found us, still blessed with one another, even though, like Paul and his companions, we have been brought to land with nothing but the broken pieces of our ship!"

Frank smiled at her enthusiasm, but went steadily on; soon he had companions enough in his vocation; his experience made him an invaluable, indispensable member of the Relief Committee, while his moderate demands made all eagerly turn to him for its supplies. Those facts soon became apparent to George Nugent, and even to Mrs. Danby's narrower mind. Frank was not only met and associated with on equal terms as ever, but even held in honor by all the gentry of the neighborhood; while Mary, attending indefatigably to her own share of the duty, received abundant testimony that her labor was not in vain: and thus conviction gradually stole on the minds of their offended relatives, and with it a truer estimation of themselves, and of the vanities they had each in their own way most highly prized, until at length the fastidious George Nugent might have been often seen leading Mary a helping hand during Frank's unavoidable absences.

The year was ended, and brighter prospects opening on a suffering world, when Frank and Mary, with mother, brother, and true friend, were assembled for the evening in the quiet little parlor behind the shop; the former enjoying the little relaxation with double zest after a day of unusual weariness—a day of reckoning and calculation, as, with John Travers' assistance, they wound up their accounts for the year that had gone by. No wonder they looked so happy; not alone had that kind friend been repaid, but a surplus remained, exceeding their united fortunes before the grasping agent, heedless brother, or luckless farm had melted them away. A thoughtful silence followed the glad announcement, interrupted at last by George exclaiming warmly, "You were right, Frank; dear Mary, you are always right; and it isn't because of what we hear just now I say so; I have long been turning it in my mind: in eating the bread of your own earning, you have had power to give bread to many; and still more right you were in resisting my advice a second time, when I would have had you make more haste to become rich." To me, that never made a shilling in all my life, and whose only experience is in spending and in losing, there is something even miraculous in the way you have got on. Come, tell the secret Mary. Had you, as Nurse Mahony used to relate long ago of our great grandmother, who fed all her poor neighbors out of one chest of meal in some famine of old—had you an angel dove that would light on the chest with the earliest dawn, and shake meal from her wings until it filled as fast as it had been emptied the evening before? Had you such a dove, Mary?"

"You should ask that question of Frank," said John Travers softly. "If not favored with angels' visits, he has one sweet household dove that comes as near as any mortal may be to an angel upon earth."

"Then what will that fair bird say," continued George in still livelier tones; "what will she think of my coming to propose another flight! Nay, Frank and John Travers, do not look so grave all at once; and Mary, do not turn those dove-like eyes away—rather turn them to that window and you will see where I want you to alight." And his eyes brightened mischievously as he added,—"Though neither Barley Hill not Mount Nugent are in view, look down, Mary, along the river's bank, where the smoke is curling up through the old ash trees; see where the sun is glancing on the water; yes, the wheel is still going round, the fire still on the hearth, but old Johnson died yesterday, broken hearted, they say, at the failure of his miserly speculations in the end. God forgive him! he took his own turn out of the poor all the year; but at any rate he is gone now, and the mill and the cottage fallen back into my hands. Frank and Mary, I owe you a good turn, so let me pay my debts too; even John can say nothing against that, or against my proposal now. You have capital enough and experience too; so take the mill, and may you thrive there as well as you have already done here."

Once again—but on how much truer grounds—all parties were pleased; all hearts then present more closely drawn together. Sweet had been the uses of adversity to all; but none showed their effect more plainly than Mrs. Danby: a serene and chastened spirit was visible in all her manner, visible in her silence, in her grateful looks; and when the change was made, and every tongue was eloquent on the beauty of the the situation, the advantages of the position, she scarcely ventured to whisper even in her inmost heart what once would have formed its loudest theme, "they have found their proper position after all." [Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.

MRS. GENERAL TAYLOR AND DAUGHTER.—At a late ball, at East Pascagoula, General Taylor, his lady and daughter, and Major Bliss, were present. Of them a correspondent of the *Mobile Herald* writes as follows:—

"MRS. Gen. T.—Dress plain, and in good taste; manners dignified and easy, countenance rather stern but it may be the consequence of military association. Person tall and commanding, demeanor retiring, with no palpable predilection for high station; and, judging from appearance, one would suppose the White House offers no peculiar attractions to Mrs. Gen. T., and if her 'liege lord' would listen to her sage and wel-considered counsel, it is not unlikely he would be content to remain as Gen. T.

"Miss Betty T.—Dress, rich white muslin—very handsome and becoming, and in character. Miss. T. is of the right stature—not too full and not too short; figure round and symmetrical.—Her complexion is almost so pure as to seem transparent; face in repose, slightly tinged with a pensive cast; countenance open and intelligent, and, under the magic of one of her sweet smiles, is most bewitching. Manner easy and graceful, motion light and elastic, conversation sprightly and unembarrassed. With much beauty, her strength is that of the heart, and her heroism that of th affections. Such a lady deserves a *Bliss*-ful life.

"General Z. Taylor was present at the ball, in undress military, and remained until a seasonable hour. It was not his fault if he did not make himself agreeable to the ladies and gentlemen. A well as I could determine, he bore himself gallantly through the actions, and retired under colors flying.

"Colonel Bliss, I take it, is not much of a ladies' man. He is but seldom seen in the parlor, and, I believe, did not honor the ball with his appearance. He is an intellectual-looking man, about crossing the meridian of life, attentive to his duties, as adjutant, and his correspondence, as private secretary. He is apt and diplomatic in epistolary correspondence as any man in the country, and, for his eminent success, has acquired a well deserved reputation."

A GENTLEMAN. "Be very gentle with her my son," said Mrs Butler, as she tied on her little girl's bonnet, and sent her out to play with her elder brother.

They had not been out very long before a cry was heard, and presently Julius came in and threw down his hat saying—

"I hate playing with girls! there's no fun with them; they cry in a minute."

"What have you been doing to your sister! I see her lying there on the gravel walk; you have torn her frock and pushed her down. I am afraid you have forgot my caution to be gentle."

"Gentle! boys can't be gentle, mother; its their nature to be rough, and hardy, and boisterous, they are stuff soldiers and sailors are made of. It's all very well to talk of a gentle girl—but a gentle boy—it sounds ridiculous! I should be ready to knock a fellow down for calling me so!"

"And yet, Julius, a few years hence, you would be very angry if any one were to say you were not a gentle-man."

"A gentleman. I had never thought of dividing the word that way before. Being gentle, always seems to me like being weak and womanish."

"This is so far from being the case, my son, that you will always find the bravest men are the most gentle. The spirit of chivalry that you so much admire was a spirit of the noblest courage and the utmost gentleness combined. Still I dare say you would rather be called a manly thaa a gentle boy?"

"Yes, indeed, mother!"

"Well, then, my son, it is my great wish that you should endeaver to unite the two. Show yourself manly when you are exposed to danger or see others in peril; be manly when called on to speak the truth, though the speaking of it may bring reproach upon you; be manly when you are in sickness and pain. At the same time be gentle, whether you be with females or with men; be gentle towards all men. By putting the two spirits together, you will deserve a name which, perhaps you will not so greatly object to."

"I see what you mean, dear mother, and I will endeavor to be what you wish—a gentle-manly boy." [Christian Chronicle.

The following Hymn, written for the occasion, by Mrs. Wm. Barry, of Lowell, was sung at the Consecration of the new Cemetery in Framingham.

Thy viewless Presence, Holiest One, pervades
The spirit whisperings of these forest shades,
Which love would consecrate, and Piety,
To Death, to Life, to Love, to Faith and Thee.

To Thee, O Death! for oft thy funeral wail
Shall wake sad echoes through the voiceful dale;
Yet, loving are thine angel ministries,
Lifting the veil that parts us from the skies.

To Life! whose hurrying feet shall careless tread
These sacred paths—this City of the Dead—
To you, ye gathering throng! for Death, e'en now,
Hath wove the cypress chaplet for thy brow.

To thee, O human Love! who sadly here
Shall bathe the greensward with the falling tear;
But mark ye well, that Autumn's dying gloom
Precedes the glory of the Spring-time's bloom.

To thee, O Faith! whose meek uplifted eye
Pierces the darkling mists of earth and sky;
Here, 'mid the wreck of earthly hopes, impart
Thy peace celestial to the stricken heart.

FATHER, to THEE! in this deep solitude,
O, may thy hovering presence o'er us brood;
Trusting thy love, serenely shall we rise,
Nor dread the untried pathway to the skies.

SKETCHES OF TRAVEL.

LETTERS FROM EUROPE.

BY REV. H. W. BELLOWS.

VEVAY, LAKE LEMAN, *Aug.* 4, 1848.

We left the Grindelwald Glacier at a quarter of four, and commenced the ascent of the Faulhorn, which from the swampy nature of much of the ground, was peculiarly fatiguing; nevertheless, we reached the top at five minutes past seven, a full hour earlier than our guide promised. When about half-way up, we stopped at a collection of chalets, around which an immense herd of cows were waiting to be milked. The mountains in Switzerland are covered with herds of goats and cows; sheep are more rarely seen, and occasionally, but very seldom, swine. The tameness of the cattle is quite singular. We rode through three or four hundred in a barnyard. Not one stirred to make room for us, or gave us the least sign of timidity or ferocity.—The goats, in like manner, leap upon the lad that comes to milk them, and play like kittens. After refreshing our nag with a loaf of rye-bread cut in pieces, and fed to him by the hand—a very common sort of food for horses in Italy and Switzerland when on the road—we resumed our way, which, after the previous day's work, was getting to be a little too tedious. A couple of thousand feet in the height of a mountain, and that near its summit, makes a long pull at the end of a day's journey. It seemed to us as if we had never been on any high land before, and must be getting on to the very top of the world. Eternal snows lie around the summit of this mountain; not in undisputed possession of the spot, it is true, for greenness struggles with them, and lives in spite of them. The very top of the mountain is green, although it looks down upon several heavy banks of snow that seemed in this August weather as if they would easily last until the early winter of the Alps replenished them.

The brilliancy of the wild flowers upon the most elevated sides of the mountains, short of the cessation of vegetation, is very striking.—They surpass, in splendor, the gayest blossoms of the conservatory. Nature, in these cold regions doomed to an ephemeral summer, recompenses herself, by wearing her gayest costume during the whole period of it. Her vernal existence does not outlast her bridal, and she practices nothing of her usual economy, among the plains, by wearing her ornaments in succession. The greenness of spring, the luxuriance of summer, the splendor of autumn, are crowded upon her at once, during her short respite from the snows of a nine month's winter.

The view of the Faulhorn, which many prefer to that of the Right, was not near so much to our taste. On the Righi you turn from the sublime view of the high Alps on one side to a beautiful prospect of the wide and cultivated plains on the other, and enjoy the contrast of chasms without fatigue, while the round and green pastures of the mountain that lifts you up are themselves satisfying and cheerful. But the Faulhorn rises a bleak, desert peak among kindred summits. Desolation keeps its great festival among these horrid precipices, and frowning, freezing mountain-tops. A tumultuous sea of white-chapped waves is around you, and instead of beholding it from the stable shore, you are poised on the top of a breaker to enjoy the storm. You miss on the Faulhorn, the placid water that seems quite to insulate the Righi, and almost vies with the sky itself in the light and azure which it lends to the landscape. On the Faulhorn, mountains are too near to appear as large as they are, and little is left to the imagination to supply. But there is a distinct pleasure in the ascent of every mountain, a novelty, a surprise and a satisfaction peculiar to itself. What an infinite combination does not mountain, cloud, horizon, day-light, night admit! No view from the Alps, or of the Alps, is twice the same; much less any two points alike. Ascend the Faulhorn, then, by all means! To be sure, it has a very precarious climate. We saw the sun set and rise, and are grateful accordingly, for it deigns to be at all clear about those times of day to very few comers. And if the weather be foul, it must be confessed that the accommodations of the Inn on the top are not of a character to seduce one into Sybaritism, unless the traveller possess a passionate sensibility to the merits of fried eggs and nutmeg, which formed the whole of our morning and evening meal.—A few lines from the Stranger's Book in which disappointment has inspired the Poet—a temper to which many have been indebted for what is most striking in their verses—are too apropos to be withheld:

"After twenty-four hours mistification on the Faulhorn—
Readers who on this blotted page
A careless glance bestow,
Reflect upon the wandering rage
Which led you midst the snow!
And thus it is with all who climb!
Ambitious fools, desist!
When on the pinnacle you stand,
You'll find your end is mist!"

What an unspeakable refuge from ennui, what a resource in fatigue, the mover of how many pleasant surprises, the unconscious bond of how much home feeling and national pride is this same "Strangers' Book!" How eagerly do we turn over its leaves in search of the name of some one we have loved, or known, or heard of, or failing that, if some one who only writes "United States" after his address! How do we admire its dull jokes and praise its poor wit, or if our mood be otherwise, crush with our scorn the audacious imbeciles who have consented to write themselves down fools, for the amusement or contempt of all wise men like ourselves that come after! With what a lively, bitter-sweet commentary, looking over each others shoulders, do we accompany the articulation of the striking names and titles that now and then occur—punning, ridiculing, sneering, as the case admits, and always laughing most prodigiously when we find Mr. John Smith still upon his travels! A circulating library in every hotel on the continent would be no substitute for the Strangers' Book, and no compensation for its loss. How shall we reprove, with due gravity, the felony which thoughtless strangers sometimes commit in pilfering distinguished autographs, or witty pen and ink sketches; or rich pages in prose and verse, from this inestimable public property!—It is a wrong against the travelling world of the first magnitude. For who can tell the ever-accumulating happiness that may gradually accrue from the mere sight of a great man's signature, or of a hasty but graphic sketch, or even a few lines of witty doggerel, in a book sure to pass through the hands of thousands at moments when they are most ready to be amused, and often under a terrible stress for lack of small excitements!

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After enjoying a tolerably fair sun-rise, we left the inn on the Faulhorn at twenty minutes after six, and by a very bad bridle-path, down which we did not care to risk our own neck upon horseback, descended to the Sheideck—a lower pass about the height of the Wengem Alp—which we reached at half past eight. Continuing on our way, after a brief halt, we came down to the Rosenlane Glacier in an hour, and started from the hotel, half a mile below, at ten minutes past ten, for Meyringen. The road is steep and rough, and unless our beast had been remarkably sure-footed, we should not have been able to hurry him down as rapidly as we were disposed to descend on foot. As it was, we reached Meyringen at a quarter past eleven. The descent into the valley is exceedingly beautified by a charming water-fall, that in repeated leaps, keeps the traveller company for the last five hundred feet of his downward way. Indeed, the whole valley of Meyringen, enclosed by steep and lofty mountain-sides, is hung about with cataracts, in this respect being richer than any valley we have seen in Switzerland. At precisely noon, we left the hotel in Meyringen, in a light carriage, for Brieng, and without especial effort, made the distance, called three leagues, in an hour and five minutes. Pierces the steamboat, which started for Interlachen at half-past one, carried us to the pier in about another hour, and we surprised our friends, at a quarter of three, by returning from what we all anticipated would prove a three days' separation, in just half the time. We have been willing to weary our readers with these specifications of time, as an illustration of the difference between the necessary time required for excursions in Switzerland and the time usually assigned for them by the innkeepers and guides, and guide-books. It may be well to caution travellers that unless a previous and perfect understanding is had, they will be charged for horses and guides which they hire by the day, at nine francs per horse, and six francs per guide, by a very unexpected measurement, a certain amount of distance and labor being reckoned a day, although it may not require a half-day to perform it. Thus we were charged for four days' use of horse and guide, although we only used either a day and a half; and as the local law sustains the guides in these charges, there is usually no resisting them. We, however, compounded for three days, very much annoyed to find ourselves legally cheated at that.

As a rule, a horse is a mere impediment in travelling among the Alps. A good guide to carry your knapsack, and a good pair of legs kept in constant use, are the best means of locomotion. Great expense, some peril, and no little *time*, are saved by this means. Wherever a char-a-beine can be used, or any form of carriage, it is far better to ride. Ladies, who cannot walk, can generally ride only with quite as great fatigue. The chaise-a-porteur is a very trying kind of vehicle, from the tax it puts on the powers of fellow-creatures. It is better, therefore, for ladies to confine themselves, unless they are good walkers, (which it is very desirable they should be,) to the high-roads, which carry them among some of the best scenery in Switzerland. The fatigue, nervous exhaustion, apprehension, and various inconveniences, they suffer in other modes of journeying, are by no means repaid by the satisfaction of saying they have been over the Col de Baline, or to the Brevent.

[Christian Inquirer.

AN INCIDENT OF TRAVEL.

Among the passengers in the steamer Commodore, from this city to New Haven, last Saturday morning, were the wife of a Cornish miner named Rowe, and five or six children, chiefly girls, the oldest not exceeding ten or eleven years of age, and the youngest a babe. They arrived here from Wales only about two weeks since, and were on their way to the Bristol (Conn.) copper mines, where they hoped to meet their husband and father. As the steamer was leaving the wharf the mother stood in the gangway, almost frantic with anxiety and grief. Had the kind hearted captain (Lefevre) been present and understood her case, he would have waited till her daughter had come on board, or until the mother and her other children could be put on shore. But as it was, the family were separated, under circumstances of peculiar trial. It appears that a few minutes before the steamer started the mother sent her oldest daughter, a girl between 12 and 13 years of age, to buy some bread. Before she returned the steamer was off for New Haven. What the poor girl's thoughts were when she returned to the wharf and found the boat gone, and herself left alone in a strange city of half a million of inhabitants, we know not, but can partly imagine. The mother was, if possible, still more wretched.

When she found that the steamer was actually off and that there was no hope of returning to the wharf, all the tender sympathies of a parent's heart were awakened within her, and she ran about the boat crying, "Oh, my child! my poor child!" The steward of the boat and some of the passengers tried to console her, by telling her that the little girl would no doubt be taken care of, and be sent up to her at New Haven by the evening boat. This afforded her a gleam of hope, but her fears still predominated. What could Matilda do, penniless, in the midst of strangers, without a home or friend, or knowledge of any thing around her! Whom could she trust! How liable to be decoyed away by villains, and reserved for a doom worse than death! Hogarth could not have desired a more lively personification of grief, than when that mother, after being in a measure quieted, sat sobbing in her chair, nursing her infant, and hugging it to her bosom, while her other children, except the lost one, sat around her on the floor, not one of them uttering a cry, but every countenance expressive of the deepest sorrow.

Presently Capt. Lefev